

# THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA,  
NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18th Year. No. 22.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

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EVANGELINE BOOTH  
Commissioner.

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THE ROAD TO RUIN.

(See Article Page 4.)



## OUR GLORIOUS CALLING.

By LIEUT. E. M. MERCER, S. T.  
John's II, Nfd.

"Therefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus."

Heb. III. 1.

I.

I fancy I can see Paul, that grand hero of the New Testament, writing to the Hebrews: "Wherefore, holy brethren." They are not strangers to him; he knows them; they are his brethren, born of the Holy Ghost. He knows how they wrestled, fought, and conquered, yes, they were conquerors through the blood of the everlasting covenant; he knows that they have been tempted, and the devil with his fine sparschins has often wanted them to go back to the temple and take part in the pagan ceremonies, as they did before they knew the power of God unto salvation.

Just so the devil tempts Salvationists, or those who would be Salvationists, at the present day. He sends the racehorse of trial after them, and then he says: "You would have been so happy if you had not been a Salvationist; you would never have had these trials, you would never have had to stand derision. You had better go back again."

Paul wanted to point out to the Hebrews the way of perfect rest from labored sin. First he calls them "holy brethren," and then goes on to say "partakers of the heavenly calling." He knows this will thrill their hearts, and illuminate their faces with a radiance of glory, to think that they are partakers of the heavenly calling. Among the number who would hear the words of his letter would be men of nearly all kinds of social standing; some would be there who perhaps had very little home comforts, many who scarcely knew what it was to be screened from the hot rays of the Eastern sun. Surely these words would cheer them—poor, humble, and meagre though their homes may be—so that they are partakers of the heavenly calling. Some, thinking the heavenly calling to be something that would be under circumstances, like Moses, that "God rather suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." Some among the number, perhaps, were born by slowly rolling years; others were in youth's bright glowing day: the sun had only risen upon them. Ah! how it must have made the heart of the grey-headed leap for joy to read that glorious sentence, and how the youth must have rejoiced at the same glorious thought.

Profane among the company there was some widowed mother, bereft of her loved ones, stripped of the flowers of her home. As she looks back it brings a flood of tears, but when she looks forward she realizes with joy unspeakable a "partaker of the heavenly calling here" will mean a union with loved ones in the glory hereafter. Next, perhaps, are boys and girls bereft of parents; all alike they are glad to be "partakers of the heavenly calling"; and that is to complete in the world to-day, have, therefore, lost the pleasure which follows obedience. There are a great many called, but how few obey. Like Gideon, they want to put God to the test; they really want to wring the dew out of the fleece before they are willing to surrender and give up all. Oh! that God would give us more Abrahams, who would rise up early in the morning, go to the place appointed and offer up their sacrifices.

(To be continued.)

They say that Nero—one of the most cruel Emperors that ever lived—fiddled while Rome was burning. If this is true, it was an infernal piece of heartlessness. But after all, such conduct is said to be very many degrees worse than is that of the men and women who are spending their strength in gathering gold, satisfying curiosity, slipping pleasure, studying science, or anything else for mere gratification, when they ought to be, consecrating their power to the work of extinguishing the flame of this mighty conflagration of misery that is burning all around them?—The General.

## \* A THREE-FOLD ENEMY. \*

By J. H. MERRETT.

### II.—THE FLESH.

**S**ECOND only in order to the world is this mighty foe of the Christian soldier—"The Flesh." While not admitting the oft-repeated expression, "The worst devil I ever saw was when I looked in the looking-glass," yet it is an undeniable fact that the Flesh is a most energetic and most successful ally of both the World and the Devil.

One of the most dangerous features of the warfare against the Flesh has been that Christians have not, as a rule, a very extensive knowledge of its character, nor a very decided belief in its true sinfulness. So often does the Flesh parade in a guise of friendship, and so self-gratifying are its wishes, that the Christian is thereby thrown off his guard, and allured to defeat and ruin. It is essential, therefore, that all should have a clear conception of the nature of this enemy, in order to cope with and overcome him.

### What is Meant by the Flesh?

The Flesh, or, in other words, a human being, as Divinely created, may be described as "a 'thorn in the flesh'." God gave the mind as a throne for thought and reason; the heart as a seat for affection and emotion; and the body, as a kingdom of strength, desire, action, and indulgence. Originally, therefore, none of these can be called sinful, being, as we have said, the work of God's own hand. Neither is there destruction necessary in the interests of the soul, but it is simply required that they should be subdued and brought into subjection. "The Flesh is a good servant, but a poor master," is the embodiment of a cardinal truth, and gives in a nutshell the reason of the warfare which a Christian soldier has to wage against this trine member of the three-fold enemy.

### The Head.

The mind—is the seat of reason and thought—may be described as the "head of the house." This it was so intended. The Divine Creator is given to us from the fact that He placed it in the seat of the human body. To the mind must come all the suggestions and proposals from without, in the mind must be concealed all the plans and purposes from within, and through the mind must be conveyed all promptings to desire and decisions to act by the body. The one great purpose of the Christian soldier, then, in respect to the mind, must be to have it brought into subjection to the mind. "The Christian," it may be asked, "would think, and rule, and control his household in accordance with the laws and commandments of God, His Creator." The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. "Let this mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus." "As he was renewed in the spirit of your mind; that ye put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness."

### The Heart.

The heart—as the seat of affection and emotion—requires special attention. "Put out of it the issue of thine heart." The human heart is one of the most wonderful of God's works. It has the power to love or hate, to rule or swerve, to choose or refuse, to command or obey. It is capable of honesty or dishonesty, of joy or sorrow, of loyalty or treachery, of truth or deception, of purity or impurity. With the heart must believe, and with the heart must disbelieve. In the heart there may dwell either anger or pleasure, humility or pride, peace or passion, and a host of other things,

either good or evil, and the object of the Christian must be to have created in him "a heart in every thought renewed and full of love Divine." Then will he love the things that God loves, and hate only the things that God hates. He will choose to do what will be right, and his greatest sorrow will be the sins of himself and others. He will be honest in all his dealings, truthful in his statements, pure in his motives and ambitions, and humble in his attitude toward God and man. He will be loyal to God and the right, and never betray His trust, in principle or practice. Well might the Psalmist exclaim, "Create within me a clean heart," and as should every Christian pray, for "God trieth the reins and the heart."

But the heart, as the kingdom of strength, desire, action, and indulgence—may be looked upon as a machine, or tool, in the hands of the mind and heart, as it is in itself incapable of action, and must be directed and controlled by them. However, the body is a very important factor, and cannot be too well understood, nor too carefully guarded. Of all things that require watching, none are more dangerous than a tool—whether it be in the hands of a mechanician, a politician, a sharper, or any other person who wishes to use it. So is the ease with the human body. The eyes can see all the clearest things around, and admire them; or it can contemn the things that are base and low. The ears can hear the songs of the birds, the laughter of the children, the voice of wisdom, or the call to duty, and rejoice at the one and obey the other; or it can fill the mind and corrupt the heart with all sorts of filthiness and uncleanness. The tongue can speak forth the praises of God, and the truth about men, or it can be used to blaspheme His name, to lie against His people, and to curse His creatures. The hands can be taught to labor and toil for the good of man and beast, or they can be used to injure and destroy. Through the feelings, men are often crushed to the earth in their efforts, by discouragement and failure, or aroused to anger and bloodshed by insult or injury. Through the appetite evil habits are formed, and in their gratification, "men spend their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which will not satisfy."

So all parts and organs of the body, as parts of the masterpiece of God's creation, are not sinless, but are intended to be "hired" and governed by the ordinances of God. The person the man or woman is the most perfect will be the development of all the organs of the body, and, as a consequence, the healthier will be their action. Yet God never did, and never will countenance an impure act; but, as in the case of David, so in every case, "He bring upon the one who transgresses the just recompence of his or her deeds. All down through the ages the sin of adultery has been the curse of the nation and the individual, bringing upon them the fierce anger and just judgment of God, and so it will be to the end, for they will be found at last outside of the gate of heaven, among the sorcerers, drunkards, murderers, and liars.

We might go on to specify the many other members of the human body, and the part they play in the great struggle of the soul, but space will not permit.

If we would be conquerors, we must "keep our bodies under subjection," "walking not after the flesh, but after the spirit," knowing that "our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost," and that if we would be among the "overcomers" who will last bear the "well done" of the Master, and "enter into the joy of the Lord," we must not only renounce the pomp and vanities of this "wicked" world, but we must crucify the flesh, with its affections and lusts, and know how to possess our vessels in sanctification and honor.

## OUR HISTORY CLASS.

### III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

The next King Siegmund did was to go all the way to Perpignan on the Pyrenees, to force one of the anti-Popes to resign, and though he failed to do this, he persuaded the Spanish King to withdraw their support, and promise to own any Pope whom the Council might elect. He gained the same promise from the French by going to Paris, and then he visited England, Scotland, St. George's Day at Windsor with Henry V, and was made a Knight of the Garter, and was knighted no less than four hundred Englishmen to go to the Council at Constance.

Not much had been done there except the burning of Jerome of Prague; but when the King returned, and Cardinal Beaufort arrived, the Germans, who had tried hard to get the worst abuses reformed before a new Pope was chosen, gave way, and Martin IV. was elected. He hushed up matters by giving to each nation for a time what they most craved for, but still did not bring reform.

But this did not cause a terrible uproar in Bohemia, headed by a noble called John Ziska. He had marched through Prague, storming the Council chamber and murdering the clergy. King Wenzel was dreadfully excited at the sounds, and one of his servants saying that he had known for the last three days that there would be an outbreak, he jumped up, caught the man by the hair, and would have killed him; but being withheld by the bystanders, fell into a fit, and died in 1419. Ziska, with a banner bearing the Chalice, marched through Bohemia, the heart of an army of 15,000,000, and committing horrible ravages, though they called themselves God's people. When a battle was fought, he made the women take off their veils and mantles and throw them on the ground to entangle the feet of the horses of their enemies. Though he soon lost his sight, he was a great captain, using a terrible iron mace, which beat down all before him, and he defeated both Siegmund and the Duke of Austria.

He died in the Plague in 1424, but Procopio was almost equally successful, and when, in 1421, the Council of Basle was called to depose the Pope, the Hussites, or Calixtines, as they termed themselves in honor of the Chalice, and they were allowed to have the Holy Eucharist in both kinds, freedom of preaching, and to keep the property of which they had robbed the priests.

After this, Siegmund was owned as King of Bohemia, and with his second queen, a wicked woman named Barbara Zilly, was crowned at Prague. They had only one daughter, named Elizabeth, and Siegmund gave the electoral-votes of Brandenburg to Frederick of Hohenlohe, Burgraf of Nuremberg. The kingdoms of Bohemia, Hungary, and the Empire he wished to leave to his daughter's husband, Albrecht, Duke of Austria; but Barbara was scheming to keep them herself, and marry Ladislaus, King of Poland, though he was twenty-three and she sixty, and so she pretended to be a great friend of the Hussites, so as to get their support, though she really believed in nothing.

Siegmund thought he had illusory power to protect her that she had given him, and suffered her to be arrested. He called the barons of Hungary and Bohemia to his deathbed, and named his son-in-law, Albrecht of Hapsburg, Duke of Austria, as his successor in these kingdoms. He died in Moravia, in his seventieth year, on the 9th of September, 1438.



# The Road to Ruin.

(To our Frontispiece.)

A considerable stir was caused recently, by the appearance of a striking individual in the streets of our cities. It was a middle-aged man, or better, the remains of one, whom death had marked as its prey on the bleared eye, the puffed cheek, the bent form, and the unsteady step. His garments were ragged and filthy. Over his chest and back he wore a small board, with the inscription: "The Road to Ruin." Nearly everybody who passed him on the street turned to take a second glance at the wreck of humanity, whose appearance so tellingly announced that he was an old traveler on the Road to Ruin. Some smiled, some looked thoughtful, while the more cynical inclined made coarse jokes at the unfortunate fellow, who was used by the shrewd agent of a theatrical company to announce effectively the play entitled "The Road to Ruin."

When the writer saw this man it was in passing a saloon, and the singular combination of circumstances struck him. There was the plate-glass-fronted saloon with its large mirrors and elegant furnishings; here stood the man who had found, through that saloon, the entrance to the Road to Ruin, and was now nearing its fatal end.

The Road to Ruin is not called so at its beginning; it is known then as the Avenue of Pleasure, Society Street, or the Way of Harmless Enjoyment, or even as the Liberty Road.

When the heart is young, the pulse beats warm and quick, and life's rosy illusions are strongest and the pleasures of the world are most enticing. "Young people must enjoy themselves," they say, "for they will never be able to do it when they have grown old."

And much is excused.

"A young man who sold his wild oats," another says, but forgets that the wild oats will, in years, perhaps for ever, spoil his field for a harvest of good thoughts, kind words, and honest deeds.

"I don't believe in curtailing a man's personal liberty," again one urges as an argument against the restriction of any evil agency, especially against the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and so they enter in ones, and twos, and in crowds. So they drink and joke and sing. The bout of quitting the workshop, the desk, or the store, seems to come too slowly. Then off they rush to the treadmill of their round of pleasures, the saloon, the theatre, the gambling den, the club, the dance, on, on, on, along the fast-racing road of pleasure until some day there comes a fearful awakening, and who can recognize that they are on the Road to Ruin. But there is no easy escape. The desires of drink, lust, greed, and debauchery whip their victims back to travel faster along that fearful road. Gone are its charms and delusions, and daily its fearful meaning becomes more apparent, and the end thereof is hell.

Sinner, you may have gone far on this fearful road; you may, perhaps, have sought to retrace your steps, to find yourself relentlessly pushed forward; you may have already seen the lurid reflection of the flames of perdition ahead of you, but—listen! there is yet a Hand outstretched, which, if you implore it, will snatch you as a brand from the burning, and save you in the eleventh hour. Don't delay, therefore, to seek the Lord while He may be found.

Soldiers, the Siege means that you must stand in the way between the travelers on the Road to Ruin and its fearful end. You are all who travel this road, for you will be the die." You must distract, by any and every means, the attention of the heedless throng and divert it towards Calvary's Victim, to let them feel that the wounds of Christ are open now for the remission of their sins.

The Siege is on! To your posts, every warrior, to save the lost and to win them for the Kingdom.

## Canadian Cullings.

The Winnipeg City Council decided, by a majority of nine, to accept Mr. Carnegie's \$76,000 library offer. A motion in favor of Sunday street cars was defeated by a similar majority.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick was sworn in as Minister of Justice at Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

During the past year 317 persons were killed on the Canadian railways. Of this number, 16 were passengers and 118 employees.

A Hamilton bar-tender was fined \$50 for selling cigarettes to juveniles.

Hon. David Mills was sworn in as a Judge of the Supreme Court by Mr. Justice Taschereau.

The Governor-General has cabled, on behalf of the Cabinet, an expression of sincere regret at the death of Lord Dufferin.

Dominion Agent Speers, who has just returned from the Western States, says 50,000 United States farmers and families will settle in western Canada this year.

The Dominion Government is making an agreement with the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company that will, it is hoped, prove a great advantage to Canada.

Two men were killed, and two seriously injured, by a boiler explosion in McLeod's pump shop, at Portage la Prairie.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company wants Brantford to pay \$58,000 towards the cost of bringing the main line through that city.

## American Paragraphs.

A brother of Malvar, the insurgent leader in the Philippines, has been captured. He was chief surgeon of the Batangas insurgents. A strong insurgent post has been captured near Calamba, Laguna Province. A number of rifles, bolos, and six typewriting machines fell into the hands of the Americans. It is believed that this post formed Malvar's headquarters.

Prince Henry sailed from Bremen-haven for New York on the Kron Prinz Wilhelm.

Three thousand western horses, known as "cayuses," gathered from the ranges of the inter-mountain States, are to be shipped to South Africa for the use of the British army.

A very severe storm is interfering with railway traffic in New York and the New England States. The storm is moving towards the Maritime Provinces.

## British Briefs.

More wreckage of the sloop-of-war Condor has been found, and it is now regarded as certain that she foundered off Vancouver Island.

Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was presented with the freedom of London in a gold casket.

A practical alliance between Great Britain and Japan, for the suppression of China and Korea, has been formed and concluded.

The Admiralty's naval estimates for 1902-3 show a total of \$156,275,000, as compared with \$154,735,000 last year. There will be under construction April 1st this year a total of 63 new vessels.

The British army estimates show a grand total, for the year 1902-3, of £69,300,000, which is intended to provide for 20,000 men, of which 21,700 men are for the ordinary army service and 200,300 for war service.

A Welsh delegation will ask Mr. Chamberlain to-day to provide transport for the Welsh colony from Patagonia to Canada.

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## GREAT BRITAIN.

Brigadier Malan, whom many of our Canadian comrades know, has just farewelled for Belgium.

Commissioner Kilby, after seeing the General and others of our leaders in London, relative to his command, obtaining some important decisions, has left for South Africa.

By the following we gather that another book has been written by our veteran in S. A. literature : " My opinion of Commissioner Ralton's book on South Africa is that it is the most attractive he has ever written. When you open its pages, you will not close them until every word is read ; and when you have done you feel you have been in fellowship with a great mind and a great subject. The Warriors' Library is enriched by such a work."

The important series of Field Officers' Councils, held by the General throughout the British Territory, have made their influence felt in a most blessed manner. We glean from the Manchester Councils held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, January 28th, 29th, and 30th, were quite equal, in spirit and outcome, to those which had gone before. The General was wonderfully upheld throughout, notwithstanding the exacting nature of his task. Never, perhaps, have the officers felt so proud of their leader, as we gather they eagerly drank in his advice as though afraid to miss a single point.

## UNITED STATES.

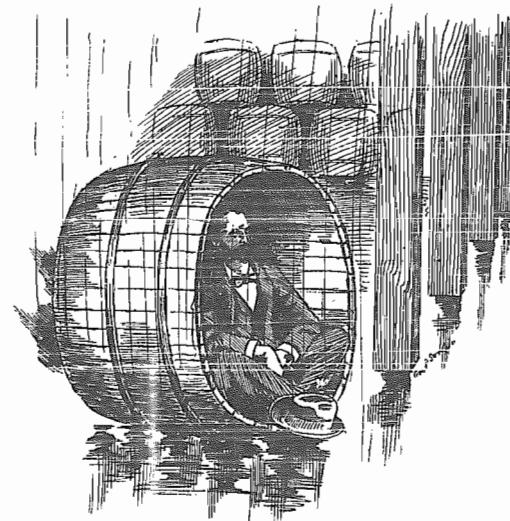
Joe the Turk's case in San Jose has been appealed to the higher court. He was released on \$125 bail by Mrs. Dr. Cockran and other friends of the Army, and will continue his trip for a few weeks until the case comes up for trial.

A terrible fire which devastated Waterbury, Conn., on the night of Feb. 2nd, destroyed our workingmen's hotel, the Grecian and men escaping with only the clothing they wore at the time, as so rapid was the spread of the flames that nothing could be saved. The corps gathered around, loaned its bell for the time being, and now beds and bedding are being supplied. Thus the men will be cared for, and as soon as possible another building

Just a year ago the bookbindery—long a foremost ambition of the Consul and Mrs. Colonel Higgins—was opened on West Thirteenth Street, just back of the National Headquarters building. What that year has accomplished is best told by the following interesting and decidedly gratifying array of figures : Girls entered, 28 ; to situations, 5 ; married, 3 ; Sergeant to Brooklyn Rescue Home, 1 ; to home, 1 ; to prepare for field work, 1 ; died, 2 ; unsatisfactory, 2 ; in home, 1. Total, 13 ; income from board, \$67,077 ; value of work, \$2,798.30.

The annual congress and fourteenth anniversary of the Scandinavian work in the United States has just been held in New York City, and is described as being a gigantic success. Colonel and Mrs. Sowton, Provincial Officers, conducted the campaign. All eastern Scandinavian officers and delegates from many eastern cities attended. The public demonstrations were by far the best ever witnessed in our work in Greater New York. Liberty Hall, New York City, was packed out at twenty-five cents admission, while a most enthusiastic audience crowded the Athenaeum Theatre in Brooklyn. A unique march

preceded the great Athenaeum meeting. 300 soldiers were in line, with bands, with church brigades dressed in national costumes, works, etc. The private councils of officers were times of much power and glory. The Commander's address to officers was much appreciated. Twenty-nine souls sought Christ during the campaign. One thousand five hundred and twenty-eight souls came to Jesus during the last year in the Eastern Scandinavian Division ; 129,962 Swedish War Crys were sold, 300,661 attended the meetings, \$24,502 were given in collections and donations, \$7,265.24 was paid for rent of officers' quarters during the year, 28,503 hours were spent in visiting. There are now in the Division 18 corps, 15 outposts, 53 officers and Cadets, 163 Local Officers, and 82 handsmen. To God be all the glory !



"The only way we got some sleep." (See story p. 7.)

The following under the heading of "Hawaiian Happenings," written by Major George Wood, an old Canadian officer, and known to so many in this country, will be of interest : The D.O. and his family had a desperate fight with the Devil. The devil evidently is made for he nearly managed to burn our house down and render us homeless for the time being, besides destroying about \$50 worth of furniture, lounge, pillows, rugs, chairs, pictures, etc. I had gone down to lead the Witchnight service. Mrs. Wood and Fred were alone, when, through a sudden gust of wind blowing a curtain over the lamp, the fire broke out. The neighbors responded nobly, and God intervened, so that when I got back in a hurry, I found it had been put out. Thank God it was no worse.

Down at the service which I was doing out, there met a splendid crowd, one good fellow was out in as a soldier, a bucko soldier was reclaimed, and four hands were raised for prayers. There have been five more conversions since. Mrs. Wood and I have entered now upon the third year of our command. It won't be out of place for us to briefly review the advances which, by God's help, and the hard work and faith of our comrades, we have seen. 1,143 prisoners reported, soldiers' roll doubled. War Cry orders increased from 712 to 1,770. Young Soldier from 192 to 374. Officers from a total of 8 to 16 on active service, and 6 on furlough; raised outside

of ordinary income, for Self-Denial, Harvest Festival, Kolos property and Honolulu Rescue Home, \$6,185.24. Corps' regular income largely increased. June shelter from 10 to 17. J. S. meetings from 6 to 17. Companies from 8 to 26. Corps-Cadets from 9 to 10. Children's total weekly attendance 118 to 684. To God be all the glory !

## ST. HELENA.

In a letter to Staff-Capt. Murray, Secretary of the Naval and Military League, Leaden Head, writes as follows from St. Helena : " I suppose you will wish to hear a little about our work here. Praise God, we are still going ahead. Permission has at last been given for us to take part in the open-air services. Hallelujah ! We have made our first appearance. Nine military comrades stood in the ring (five Leaguers, two converts, and two friends). It was a big surprise for St. Helena, for the fact that we had obtained permission to take part in the open-air had been kept a secret. When the news spread there was soon a large crowd standing around listening to the burning testimonies given out by the Service-men."

## SWEDEN.

During six months there were eleven thousand and thirty-eight beds provided at the Malmö Shelter.

The Salvation Army in Sweden have recently held their 19th anniversary in the S. A. Temple, Stockholm, led by Commissioner Mr. Marian, assisted by Colonel and Mrs. Forbush and the Swedish Headquarters' Staff. Commissioner Ouchterlony was also present, who, 19 years ago, opened the first corps in Sweden.

## FINLAND.

At six of the Finland corps, during the last week of 1900, there were 111 souls sought salvation at the Mercy Seat, making an average of over 18 for each corps.

A new corps has been opened at Kehä, a small town in western Finland. They had their first enrolment on New Year's Day, when eleven recruits took their stand as soldiers.

## CEYLON.

The number of new Cadets trained for the war has been satisfactory.

Among soldiers who have been promoted to the shining ranks above, we should mention the old Sergeant Major of Hewadewella, seventeen years a soldier and faithful unto death. Our Social institutions also have kept up their record of good work, and many have been lifted up and placed in paths of honesty and virtue, and it is cheering also to find many of those who were rescued in the early days of our Prison-Gate and Rescue work still good and reliable, and in good positions.

Our Self-Denial effort for 1901 has gone very considerably over last year's total.

As the year closed, officers were set apart for extensions of our work in the Kandy and Polgahewella Districts, and all are determined to go on far ahead in 1902. Our Commissioner's visit will just come in splendid as a push-off.

## GIBRALTAR.

Lieut. Pike, of the Naval and Military work, has been promoted to Glory from Gibraltar. Six sons and daughters of the League—bore his remains to the grave, under the shadow of the rock of Gibraltar.

## "THE REPENTANCE OF THE UNDERSTANDING."

"The repentance of the understanding" is seldom enjoined and seldom felt, but it would often be a most salutary and beneficial experience. Let a man, for example, on discovering that he has decided unwisely in some more or less important matter, instead of mending his ways, instead of mending himself with the reflection that he had got up to the best light that he then had, and is, therefore, blameless, reflect upon his past obligations that must have accompanied the decision, and ask himself whether he might not have trained his judgment to a better degree of sagacity, so as to have rendered the error impossible. It will be strange indeed if, in such an investigation, he finds nothing of which to repent.

## SOUTH AMERICA.

International Headquarters has decided to send some help to our Spanish comrades. Several officers leave for South America at early date.

The work is improving rapidly. Brigadier Madmann, the new officer in charge of our work there, is much encouraged by the reports he is getting from the field officers.

We can brood upon our troublous until they become unbearable, or we can dwell upon our blessings until our hearts are melted into thankfulness. We can ponder the faults of our neighbors until we are imbued with disapproval and contempt, or we can muse upon their redeeming qualities till the kindly sympathies of our nature assert themselves.



# Our SOLDIERS' PAGE

## Daily Readings.

SUNDAY.

"There are those that rebel against the light."—Job xxiv. 13.

No one is better acquainted with this awful fact than is the Salvationist, who is actively engaged night after night in trying to bring sinners to repentance, who withstand the light, resisting truth, holiness, and knowledge.

On the coast of New Zealand, a captain lost his vessel by steering in the face of the warning light, till he dashed upon the rock immediately beneath the lighthouse. He was said that he was asleep; but this did not rescue the wreck, nor save him from condemnation. It is a terrible thing for rays of Gospel light to guide a man to his doom.

MONDAY.

"Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" Not one.—Job xiv. 4.

Job had a deep sense of the need of being clean before God, and indeed he was clean in heart, and had brought his fellow-servants to see that he could not himself produce holiness in his own nature, and, therefore, he raised this question, and answered it in the negative without a moment's hesitation.

Prune the crab as you please, it will not bring forth apples; nor will a thorn, under the best cultivation, produce figs.

TUESDAY.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job xix. 25.

It would seem that Job, driven to desperation, fell back upon the truth and justice of God. He could not believe that he would be left to remain under the slanderous accusations which had been heaped upon him.

If we are sure about anything, let it be concerning the Redeemer.

WEDNESDAY.

"Will he always call upon God?"—Job xxvi. 10.

A hypocrite may be a very neat imitation of a Christian. He professes to know God, to converse with Him, to be dedicated to His service, and to invoke His protection; be even practises, prayer, or at least feign it. Yet the cleverest counterfeiter fails somewhere, and may be discovered by certain signs. The test is here—“... always call upon God?”

We have heard of a child who said her prayers and then added, “Good-bye, God; we are all going to Saratoga, and pa and ma won’t go to meeting, or pray any more, until we come back again.” Let me tell the Salvationist in any case give God the go-by in much the same manner.

THURSDAY.

“Should it be according to Thy mind?”—Job xxiv. 33.

Many appear to think so—I am afraid some Salvation Army soldiers are no exception to the rule. If we judge some to be “unchristian,” they think that the Most High should have control of their case, their fancy, and their aggrandizement. Is not God wiser, kinder, and bolder than we? Dear comrades, let us guard against such a spirit.

FRIDAY.

“The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.”—Psalms xix. 7.

Trees are known by their fruit, and books by their effect upon the mind. By “the law of the Lord” David means the whole revelation of God; as far as it had been given in his day; but his remark is equally true

of all that God has since been pleased to speak by His Spirit. McCheyne says:—“Depend upon it, it is God’s Word, not man’s comment on God’s Word, which converts souls.” A large fruit may contain and nourish a tiny seed; when the fruit falls into the ground and the shoots spring up, the real life was in the central pip, and not in the juicy fruit which encompassed it.

SATURDAY.

“Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters, a way for the lightning of thunder; to cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is; on the wilderness, where no man is; to satisfy the desolate and waste ground; and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?”—Job xxxviii. 25-27.

God challengeth man to compare with the Master even in the one matter

of all the rain. God alone giveth rain, and the same is true of grace. Rain falls irrespective of man, so does grace. A lady travelling in Palestine found herself without shelter during a thunder-storm. Rain began to fall in torrents. Her groom, Mohammed, threw a large Arab cloak over her, saying, “May Allah preserve you, O lady! while He is blessing the fields.”

“Sinner, the further you go, the faster, and the less possibility there is of your stopping. Like a stone going down hill, the momentum of the past will push you on in spite of yourself when you get near the bottom. The weight of the guilty deeds of the past will come behind you like an incensed rider, pushing you down, down, down; and the lower you go, and the further you go, the faster you go.”—Mrs. Booth.

## Evolution of the Salvation Army

UNITED STATES.—(Continued.)

In the space we have to devote it would be impossible to ~~carry~~ our readers through all those early struggles, sufficient to say, with regard to these early openings, some of the officers were left in New York to carry on the work, while the Commissioner, in company with the remaining officers, went to attack Newark, New Jersey. They had been invited to visit this city by a teetotal gentleman. Here a theatre was found of the lowest description, with broken windows and doors, and altogether in the last degree of dirt and dilapidation. Snow being on the ground at the time, and there being no place of beating the place, they had to find a place convenient to keep their hats on during the services. Ships were saved the first day, and the sisters left there soon had a flourishing Corps like their sisters in New York.

Philadelphia was next opened. Here Commissioner Ralton received a great ovation. At the end of the first year’s warfare it was found (keeping their anniversary twelve months after the first service held by the Shirleys, though only seven months after the Commissioner’s arrival in the United States) that twelve Corps had been opened, holding one each month, and that over two services per week, and that over fifteen hundred persons had professed conversion during the year. In November, 1883,

The First American War Cry was published, which was issued monthly. Could our readers but compare our up-to-date American weekly with that of 1883, they would be more than convinced of the rapid strides our cousins have made on this line.

There was some desperate fighting to be done to bring all these things to pass. The year 1884 is described as a year of mighty battles. In 1883 twenty-three men and women officers had been taken into custody, in connection with the open-air services, but in 1884 hundreds of them had been similarly apprehended, and as many as twenty-six at one time were put behind the bars. An account given at that time, that in connection with the prosecution of eleven of our officers and soldiers in the city of New Haven for singing in the streets, on the most interesting episodes in the Army’s history took place. Against the attack made upon the Army, at the instance of supposed Christian authority, our comrades engaged a house, and opened fire.

Defended by a Jewish Solicitor, who called upon the Court to allow him to prove that the singing of our

soldiers was neither irreverent, blasphemous, nor disorderly, nor quite unobjectionable. So the eleven soldiers in court sang.

“I’m a soldier bound for glory,

I’m a soldier marching on,

Come and hear me tell the story:

All who long in sin have gone,

I love Jesus, Hallelujah! I love Jesus,

yes, I do;

I love Jesus, He’s my Saviour; Jesus

walks and loves me, too.”

It seems that they sang in the dock with their usual happiness, clapping their hands for joy. The female Captain explained that the object of the Army in singing in the street was to beseech sinners to make their peace with God and to become good citizens. Judge Denio, to his honor decided that our comrades had not broken the law, or had not injured the dock.

A great number of instances could be given of much the same as the above, which more or less happened all over the country. But right triumphed, and thousands of our enemies have become our warmest friends since they have become acquainted with the motives and aims of our now worldwide organization.

Our brave comrades continued to push on the war during the years that followed, amidst all kinds of opposition and difficulty, but before we give a few further particulars we will view the Salvation Army as a whole during this time.

General View of the Work.

In London we find the S. A. engaged in a purity agitation. Mr. Booth in 1865 organized a systematic effort on behalf of the fallen, inmates of all cities, who, often more than once, committed their sinning, appealed peculiarly to her large and tender sympathies. Touched by the helpless and pitiable position of some girls, the wife of an Army soldier threw her home open for their reception. It was soon crowded to its utmost capacity, and still others were clamoring for admission. Recognizing in this the hunger of God, the Army entered upon the practical side of enterprise. The members of the Army forthwith engaged a house, and opened fire.

The First Rescue Home,

placing it under the supervision of Mrs. Bramwell Booth. And thus upon the foundation of this single Salvationist’s love and faith and toil was reared a work which has since extended to all quarters of the globe, and been the means of restoring thou-sands of wanderers to the paths of virtue.

... (To be Continued.)



The above cut will give our readers a good idea of the appearance of the Song - Editor when he is going through some of the productions of our poets. It was while in a state of perplexity to know just what to do with a bundle of songs before him he thought it would be the best plan to acquaint our song-writers with some of the difficulties with which he is concerned while making the week’s collection of songs.

He would sit the outset like to say: When writing songs it is necessary to count the number of syllables in each line, to see if there is the correct number, in addition to trying to sing the words to the tune you have selected. A careful study of the back of our cloth-covered Salvation Soldiers’ Song Book will be of great advantage to song-writers.

Because care in this direction has not been taken, we have been compelled to destroy scores of songs, which has caused us no less regret than it has our poets.

Again, again, again is the rhythm so good, the sense is altogether lost, as, for instance, in this verse which we just select at random from a pile of songs before us:—

“Jesus found me when a stranger, sought me when a right,

And when all seemed dark and sadness,

Jesus turned it into light.”

With a little care on the part of our song-writers, these errors could be rectified. It would be a good plan, if there is anyone in the town, or vicinity, who is gifted, to show them your songs, so that it is despatched. They would only be too glad to give you a little advice in the matter.

Here is another song, the first verse of which runs in eight syllables. Upon glancing at the second verse it runs into nine syllables. In the third verse we find only seven, and the last one runs seven and eight, and yet this particular poet tells us this song has been sung in the Corps with great success.

Now, we happen to be acquainted sufficiently with this particular songwriter to know with what pains on his part this error could be avoided, and unless the Song-Editor finds a little spare time to devote upon his song, it will never appear in print.

Still another difficulty lies in the fact of songs being put to tunes not generally known. This error, of course, can be easily overcome.

It was only a day or two ago the Song-Editor, in sheer desperation, on account of trying to get a tune to a certain song, called the rest of the editors from the rescue, so, after trying tune after tune, being continually confounded with laughter at the strange sound the words produced to the tunes tried—had to give up in despair.

As explained previously, these are the things which make it altogether impossible to publish a great number of the songs sent in, for which we are extremely sorry.

We really need original, soul-stirring songs put to tunes with which all are familiar, and the spirit in which the above is written is in the hope that it may be of some help to our song-writers.

Be careful of your promises, and just in your performances, and remember it is better to do and not perform, than to promise and not perform.



## CHAPTER I.—(Concluded.)

## An Exceptionally Hard Time.

There is no doubt that I had an exceptionally hard time as a bookkeeper. I was under one who had it hard himself before being made an overseer, and who boasted that he was going to train me to become a good planter. He warned me against getting to know any of the Jamaican creoles (he meant those mostly white boys on the island) saying that they were jealous of Englishmen, and looked upon them as coming to take away their bread. This I found to be untrue. But he never gave me a chance to know many of them. So I was dependent upon him to a great extent, since, if I discharged myself, I thought I would have to take ship at once for home.

Then he paid me £10 a year less than what was promised me. The shop account that I owed for bread and cheese generally swallowed up my salary, for the food sent down to us bookkeepers was not as good as what the black laborers had. Bread was £1.00. We consist, as a rule, of boiled herrings, yams, and bread-fruit, and dinner (at 6 p.m.) of boiled salt fish, yams, bread-fruit, cocos and plantains. So we had but two meals a day, and had to purchase what else we wanted from the "cooie shop."

## CHAPTER II.

## Three Years' Slavery.

But things became still harder the second year, when we had to take off a crop of 150 acres of "plant" canes, besides about 250 acres of "crottoons," estimated to produce 600 bushels of sugar. To make it harder, the cattle, which worked the carts and wagons, got sore mouths, which had to be rubbed daily with salt and vinegar. Then the rainy season set in, when the crop was only half over. This means that the sun would shine very hot every morning until about noon, when there would be a sudden downpour of rain, lasting for hours, and until the rivers, trenches, drains, intervals and roads were one sheet of water, through which a poor bookkeeper had to wade, plodding, it was with the greatest difficulty that we could boil the cane liquor into sugar at this time, since the fuel, which consisted of the crushed cane, known as "dry trash," and which should have been dried in the sun, was often quite damp. We had sometimes to roll down a barrel of it into the stove-hole to help make fire.

Not only so, but the overseer said that all "spelling" must be stopped, and that each bookkeeper (there were three of us) must be up and about the works every morning, in addition of course to working hard every day.

How did we manage it? It is impossible to do without some sleep, but for the bushes to catch any of us sleeping would mean that we should probably get discharged. So I used to lock-in the field bookkeeper in the curing-house (attached to the bolling-house) that he might get a sleep, and he would afterwards do me a similar favor. As the steam would condense on the windows from roofing, and water would drop down, we would place a new hose-end on its side, and get into it! It was rather rough and confining, but when one is really sleepy, and cannot do better, he does not consider this. It is really a terrible thing to have to do without sleep, if I had had the chance.

Things were bad when I was enjoying good health, but when the malarial fever, perhaps through the hands of mosquitoes, began to lay hold of me, and I had still to tramp through mud and water, not being allowed to ride, life became not worth living. Sometimes it was as if a hammer were striking my head while I walked. One day I managed to creep into an

converted, nor did anyone ask me about it, nor did that it was necessary.

Indeed, I was no better for being a church member, I confess it to my shame. I became fond of dancing, horse-racing, and every kind of worldliness, and so neglected my church duties more and more. Then I struck because a man who kept a rum-shop was appointed lay-reader. The position had been offered to me, and refused it, feeling myself unworthy. After this, the overseer went to the church, but began to investigate Spiritualism, with my wife and some others. She proved to be a powerful medium, so we had many a seance together, and got some remarkable manifestations, which I now believe to have come from the devil. Modern Spiritualism is much the same as ancient witchcraft, or having to do with familiar spirits. There is just enough truth in the communications received to attract one, and enough falsehood to enable us to trace the source of information. We eventually got afraid of the whole thing, since we could not sleep at nights, and often found ourselves under Satanic influences during the day-time. Spiritualism—and I could write a book about it—is a delusion to the devil.

In 1879 we turned our attention to business, with the idea of making money and a position in society. Our prospects were excellent. I had served out my five years and been commissioned by the Supreme Court as a land surveyor. So I could earn about £40 a month, and still have several days every week at my dis-

cretion, and eventually came off with flying colors on both occasions. Not, of course, that we got back the pounds we spent in law!

Had we not suffered from many bad debts, and non-paying subscribers, the business might have paid, but I'm afraid we had too many irons in the fire, and never cut out for dry goods. You can, try and find out what you are cut out for, it is all the battle of life. As it was, we tried to keep down expenses by working hard ourselves, but felt that we were accumulating an unsaleable refuse stock, which people turned up their noses at.

## CHAPTER IV.

## Religion as we Knew It.

How were we getting on religiously at this time?

With the hope and shadow of prosperity before us, we drifted further and further from even the outward profession of religion. Of a Sunday morning I would light my cigar, mount my bicycle, and ride away to the sea for a bath, with a book tied over my shoulders. An hour afterwards I would return up the street, meeting the country people going to church, and taking a delight in making them clear out of my way. Then would come breakfast, and after that I would call out "Joe! put the horses in the buggy!" I kept three pairs of horses. A little afterwards, dressed for the occasion, we would be driving to the country, to spend the Sabbath with some friends as "religiously inclined."

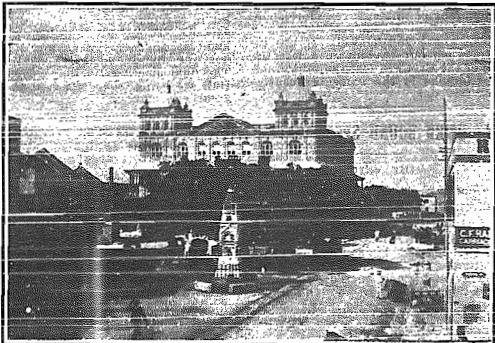
We went in heavily for every kind of pleasure, especially dancing. I was the promoter and manager of the Savanna-la-Mar Brass and Reed Band, which was such a success that we took thirty pounds a' cone-hat held at the Town Hall. In this way we paid for the instruments which cast two hundred pounds. Our drawing-room was said to be the best in the town for dancing, and was often used for that purpose. Sometimes it was a "subscription spin," and, at other times a "social hop." Twelve o'clock came too soon on Saturday night, so we merely stopped the clock and danced on! Of course we had a number of friends at this time, for they said we brought "life" to the town. There was an illuminated motto to text on the wall of the drawing-room with the words, "Christ, our Righteousness." This was always a sore-eye to me, especially during a dance. At length I turned it to the wall. "What have you done that for?" my wife asked. "Christ, our righteousness!" I repeated. "Then, if He isn't our righteousness," she replied. At length we both agreed that the motto-text would look best in the bedroom.

Although we became so passionately fond of dancing, there always seemed something to mar our pleasure. Someone we especially expected did not come, some partiality was shown, friends got slighted; something always seemed to go wrong. And we all felt so wretchedly used up, and unfit for business, or anything else, the next day!

At length our business began to show signs of failure. The accounts became harder and harder to meet. Those who owed us money would not pay; those whom we owed would not wait. So we closed our premises to pay all creditors in full—which we eventually did, by selling our horses, cattle, buggies, etc.

We lost a thousand pounds in business, but it was the biggest blessing that ever could have happened to us! It taught us the failure of worldly friendship. Those whom we had helped did not help us. They began to shun us, and we were obliged to go on the other side of the street. We got fewer invitations to dinner, and no more proposals for dances! It was an eye-opener to us, and a valuable bit of experience.

(To be Continued.)



Georgetown, Demerara.

was not worse than many others, or as bad as some. God might have mercy on me, and not send my soul to hell.

## CHAPTER III.

## A Chequered Career.

After three years of this white slavery I discharged myself, much to the regret of my employer, who now offered me one hundred pounds a year if I would remain on the estate. I went to a land surveyor who lived at Bluefields, and induced him to take me in for a term of five years. Here I found my knowledge of mathematics and drawing of use to me, and I undertook, and successfully carried out, some difficult surveys. After a time I got engaged, and married, to his only daughter. She advised me to join the Church of England, of which she was a member. I agreed, on condition that they let me in without my being confirmed, and on the understanding that I should not be expected to assist in any of the religious services. This they agreed to.

Shortly afterwards I was made a church-committeeman, and, later on, the secretary, and representative at Synod. But I never professed to be

posse. My wife's father died and left her in cash and property worth £1,000. We therefore determined to go into mercantile business in the town of Savanna-la-Mar forthwith, so as to make it more. Not that we had much, or indeed any, experience; but we had a small capital, and experience invariably follows.

Not only did we open one of the largest retail dry-goods stores in the town, but soon had a book and reading-room, and printing office attached, with, of course, quite a staff of employees to work for us. We were fond of printing from the first, and soon picked up the driving art, in fact, I learnt in a few months off! that some printers I got down from Kingston had learnt during eight years of apprenticeship. I started a weekly newspaper named the Westmorland Telegraph, and ran it for five years. I put my whole heart into it. It was well printed, and had a circulation of 1,000 copies. It was fearless and outspoken in its nonconformist and especially active on "religious" topics. Two large and exciting libel cases were the result. But after the actions were decided, we gave "em something to bring us up for," put in pleas of justi-

## THE WRATH OF GOD.

Oh, sinner, consider whose wrath it is that you are treasuring up against the day of wrath. If it were the wrath of men, or angels, or devils, it would be bad enough; but it is the wrath of the Almighty God. God Himself will come out of His place to punish you, His own mighty hand will deal the blow, His awful voice pronounce the sentence.—Mrs. Booth.

A sweet temper has a soothing influence on the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, kindness and love predominate. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have a real dwelling-place.



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Editorial.

## The Commissioner's Siege Articles.

This week the Commissioner continues the series of Siege articles begun in our last number, with a very important and practical article on Open-Air Meetings. We need not urge our readers to peruse everything from the pen of Miss Booth, as we have so many evidences of her literary contributions to the pages of the War Cry being widely and eagerly read, but we would especially urge our soldiers and officers to carefully mark and digest every point well. We cannot get too strong a conception of the immense value of our open-air work, and should take every precaution to prevent ourselves from yielding to anything that lessens their frequency or cools our enthusiasm.

## The Newfoundland Census.

The recent census returns of Newfoundland have strikingly shown the great progress the Army has made on the Island. The returns show a total of 8,630 Salvationists, out of the entire population of 200,000. At the last census, ten years ago, our number was 2,092, which shows that we have more than trebled our following in that period. Some villages are almost entirely Salvation Army. In one, out of a population of 138, no less than 134 belong to the Army; in another 94 out of 99 are Salvationists. Newfoundland is advancing, our schools are doing well, and as the Government grants to each denomination a sum based upon the showing of the census, we shall be in future even in a better position to improve our educational system, so that it may be second to none on the Island.

## Heavenly Gales AT YORKVILLE.

**COLONEL AND MRS. JACOBS,**  
Assisted by Members of Headquarters' Staff, See a Harvest of Souls.

Although only four days have gone by since Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, with their Staff, began revival services in the north of the city of Toronto, over twenty souls have been led to the Mercy Seat. The Thursday, Friday and Saturday night meetings were exceptionally well attended, and were seasons of joy as well as of profit and blessing.

It was a fitting climax, however, to what we might term the 1st week's battle, to have crowded meetings on the Sunday, especially was this so at night, when the hall was crowded to the doors, extra seats having to be brought into requisition, filling all

# The Commissioner at Ottawa.

(By Wire.)

Commissioner's visit to the Imperial City eclipsed all previous records. The soldiers and band gathered at the depot at 6:25 in the morning, giving the Commissioner and party a hearty welcome. Sunday's meetings were record-breakers. Twice the splendid Orme Music Hall was filled to suffocation; aisles, stairways, railings, and windows all were occupied by eager listeners. Building could not begin to accommodate the crowds. Hundreds waited at the doors one hour before service. Commissioner entirely captivated her audiences while the beautiful hearty responses and singing of Ottawa citizens delighted the Commissioner. Twenty seekers came to the Mercy Seat for the day. Commissioner's addresses become more and more full of spirit and fire. Enthusiasm is unbounded for tonight's gathering.—W. J. Turner, Major.

Commissioner's meetings at Ottawa gigantic success. The large Orme Hall gorged twice yesterday (Sunday) and hundreds turned away. The Commissioner surpassed all previous records, the great crowd laughing and weeping in turns. Twenty seekers. Finances excellent. Great enthusiasm and expectations for to-night.

Monday night, "Miss Booth in Rags," successful beyond description. Crowd turned away. Hall perfectly packed. Attention wonderful. Audience displayed every emotion, and freely applauded. The entire series of meetings was an unqualified success. Nothing like it has been known in Ottawa's history. Everybody delighted and anxious to have Commissioner come again.—Brigadier Pugmire.

the available space. After the Chief Secretary had delivered one of his fiery talks, which, by the way, had been preceded by a splendid solo by Staff-Capt. Manton and a tune from the T.H.Q. orchestra, our worthy General Secretary took the reins for a time, when, amid the prayers and hallelujahs of salvation, seven more souls were added to the harvest.

The above speaks well for the future, when our readers, in a later issue of the Cry, will learn of still greater triumphs in the name of Jesus.—M.

## OUR SOUND SPECIALS.

(By Wire.)

Triumphant Sunday with Brigadier Pickering, assisted by Hand-Bell Ringers. Immense congregation present. Nothing like it for years. The Brigadier surpassed himself. Wonderful meetings all day; several souls. Monday night, hall gorged again, \$600 collection. Everybody delighted and clamoring for a return visit. Siege being pushed vigorously. —Ensign Stager.

## OWARD, ORILLIA!

(By Wire.)

Orillia braves still pushing Siege. Advances continually being made. Prachers are taken, recruits enrolled, and soldiers made. Grey-haired sinners and children seeking and finding Christ. Nine prisoners for the week. Enrollment of soldiers on Thursday. Corps united and going straight for souls.—A. Rose, Capt.

## BARRIS BULLETIN.

(By Wire.)

Good crowd Siege Sunday. Eight souls in all. Siege meetings every night. Soldiers dancing happy over victories won.—W. H. Burrows.

## BLACK BAY DISTRICT BLAZING.

(By Wire.)

Opening of Siege campaign in Cape Breton District was a grand success; crowded buildings, and souls were crowded; interest away. Officers, Local and soldiers all on fire. Mighty success. At Dominion, our new opening, the first Sunday's meetings were very successful. Mrs. Adjt. McLean leading. Nine souls tremendous crowds, and sixteen dollars income. People are delighted with the Army. Capt. Besse Green is in charge.—J. S. McLean, Adjt.

Extensive preparations are being made for the Commissioner's extended tour to the Western and Pacific Provinces, and doubtless our favored comrades are in a general expectancy over the approaching visit. A special brigade, designated "Red Knights of the Cross" and a first-class musical combination, will accompany the Commissioner, also conduct meetings under the direction of Brigadier Pugmire.

The latest opening of the Eastern Province is Dominion, C.B., where a number of soldiers are waiting to welcome Capt. B. Green, who has been appointed to open fire.

We are glad to report Capt. Hebb, who was stricken down with smallpox at Annapolis, has recovered. Ensign Williams is also much better and full of faith for the future. Ms. Capt. Parsons, also of the Eastern Province, has undergone a successful operation and is doing exceedingly well. Let us all remember our sick comrades in prayer.

Capt. Grose sails for India's Coral strand, from Halifax, March 10th. Our prayers follow him.

Ensign Rowan has been in regular attendance at the cell of a man named Shui, who was hanged at Sault Ste. Marie recently. This man became converted previous to his execution.

Staff-Capt. Cass, the new C. O. P. Chancellor, is getting down to business, and already things are beginning to him. Bowmanville and Galt were visited last week-end, with good results. The Chancellor is a firm believer in the Gospel of Hard Work.

## HUNTSVILLE TRIUMPHANT.

(By Wire.)

Reconciliation Sunday was a record-breaking day. Knee-drill attendance, fifty; marches numbered one hundred and seventeen. Marvelous manifestations of God's presence in every meeting. Soldiers made a desperate attack upon the enemy. Band rendered valuable assistance. Twenty-four Seniors and ten Juniors won for the Siege. Hall far too small to accommodate crowds.—Captain and Mrs. Howell.

## PARRSBORO PARS.

(By Wire.)

Greatest revival since opening meetings fifteen years ago. Thirty-two for salvation and holiness during week; eighty-seven in three weeks. Sixty-nine won on the march on Sunday. Thirty-eight awaiting enrolment. Finances good. Junior attendance doubled.—Ensign Bowring.

## DOVERCOURT SIEGE OPENING.

(Special.)

We had excellent meetings on Sunday. It was a reconciling time, indeed, when nine persons were seen kneeling at Jesus' feet. Our faith is high for the Siege.—J. G. Ryan, Capt.

## IMPORTANT.

The Chief Secretary is anxious to have the names of all Salvationists in the Territory holding 1st, 2nd, or 3rd class teacher's certificates. Whether officers or soldiers, if you hold such, kindly communicate at once with C. C. Jacobs, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

Sinner, behold yourself; you are slaving for learning, fame, wealth, power, what else you have set your heart upon. But do you not know that you will have to leave all these at the edge of the river, and that, naked and empty, with nothing left but your character, you will have to step into the eternal world?—Mrs. Booth.

# THE SIEGE.

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

## II.—OPEN-AIRS.



HE importance of all efforts put forth in the street, for the salvation of men, is beyond estimate. Their far-reaching issues and swift-travelling influences are too fast for us to follow, or keep any track of. As with the dew of the night, there is no telling how far each drop will contribute to the beauties of the day, so we can form no calculation to what extent any word dropped upon the darkness of a by-way will add to the glories of an eternal morning.

The greatest spiritual movements the world has ever known have started in the streets. It was out upon their native heath that the staunch hearts of the Covenanters met in the fellowship of saints before their no less saintly martyrdom. It was in the grassy auditorium of the meadows, with no other pulpit than a cotter's chair, that John Wesley gathered his vast family of spiritual children. It was amid the din and derision of the thronged market-squares that William Whitfield scattered the frowns of his apostleship. And our vast organization of to-day is practically the outcome of an open-air meeting. Out of the thousands of blood-washed warriors who to-day swell our ranks, numbers of our best trophies—some who are filling positions of importance and trust—were awakened and won for God and the Army through the singing of a song, the pleading of a prayer, or a simple testimony echoed at the corner of some highway. Indeed, we cannot estimate the throng of immortal souls which will testify, at the great day of account, to their having been first attracted to Jesus under the open canopy of heaven.

From every standpoint open-air work is rich in advantage.

### It is Profitable to Us Physically.

The march is healthy, by virtue of its bringing to us exercise and fresh air, the two great essentials for the possession of good health and the accomplishment of good work. Numbers of our soldiers are daily occupied in close confinement and under impure atmospheric conditions—in over-heated stoves, crowded factories, steaming laundries, cramped workshops, or serve all day in the house, and, to say the least, the hour spent in the pure, fresh air cannot fail to be helpful. The sharp walk circulates the blood, and is a beneficial change after the long hours of standing or sitting; the sights around distract the mind from the previous worries and cares; the object of the mission both stirs the heart and cheers the spirit, and, therefore, I say that what we understand by the open-air meeting cannot fail to be invigorating to the whole system.

Street speaking and singing are not, as supposed, injurious to the throat and lungs, and we only manifest our ignorance do we speak of them as such. When out of doors, almost under any circumstances, we can be sure of pure air, which is the very sustenance of the lungs; whereas, in badly ventilated halls, where the air, alighted by the effects of a large furnace, and the many different classes gathered there, become laden with impurities, there is a much greater possibility of damage being done to those most vital organs of the body. However, it should be remembered that there is a right and a wrong way of using the voice. Many soldiers who are frequent speakers in the open-air make the mistake of talking from the throat. This is liable to cause irritation and result in inflammation, which may affect the lungs, and thus permanently undermine the health, or, anyway, so weaken the throat as to incapacitate them from becoming officers. This is a very serious error, and should be guarded against. If one does not naturally talk from the chest, it may be acquired with some practice.

Also the salutare is commonly made of a much stronger and louder voice being thought necessary to carry the message to the listening crowd than is really so. To be well heard is more a question of articulation than sound, both in hall and street, and if speaking with the body sufficiently expanded with air, it is *absoluta* required to put undue strain upon the vocal organs to make oneself heard. You need to take in the size of the crowd, gauge your distance, and speak accordingly. And, although it may be a very cold night, with a sharp wind blowing, and a heavy snow falling, I do not think I need hesitate to assure you that if you can manage to eat a good supper, without eating too much, to remember your rubbers, keep up your storm collar, and carry plenty of good-will in your heart, you will find open-air work, even in a Canadian winter, profitable physically.

### It is Profitable Spiritually.

We have all proved that if there is any heart in us, there is something in the streets that will find it out. We start for the meeting, and the soul seems rather cold; we cannot quite account for it, we wish it were otherwise, and we say, "Lord, help me"; but during the open-air meeting we see something, or hear something, or we think something that touches us. Perhaps it is the wild sky stretching over our heads, with its every star testifying how the winners of souls shall shine for ever and ever. Perhaps it is a little child with an uncovered head and a torn pinnafore, going on an errand. Perhaps it is a widow with

a very pale face who lingers a moment while we sing. Perhaps the staggering step of a drunkard, whose hair is white, telling his life's sun is almost set—I cannot say which, I only know that in the street something is sure to touch our deeper feelings, wake up the waters, throw back the gates, and let loose the floods of sympathy and compassion, and make us to hunger, with desperate hunger, for the people's salvation. I have done a very great deal in the direction of open-air work myself, and think I can speak with some authority on the subject. I began my public career in the streets when a little more than a child in years. There I have fought my hardest battles, suffered my greatest hardships, gone through the worst terrors, witnessed the greatest horrors, exerted my hardest efforts, and it has been there I have experienced my sweetest victories, have wept the holiest tears, seen the greatest of sinners saved, and the darkest of faces shine, the saddest of hearts rejoice, undutiful parents reconciled to children, and prodigal children forgiven by parents under the gas lamp in the open-air. Therefore, I think I can speak confidently when I am on the subject of the streets, and I say it warms up the soul.

### It is Profitable to Our Reputation.

Our open-air meeting is the feature of our work which has distinguished the Salvation Army from all other organizations in its systematic regulation of missioning the streets. Many have copied us, but we have led the way, and will stand starlike in this particular originality in the sky of all religious history. And while our street parading and renowned drum have brought down the anathemas of multitudes of people upon our heads, and imprisoned our soldiers, and ripped our colors, they have been our recommendation to multitudes more, and made our flag to wave in lands and climates and heights otherwise never reached. Part of the world has blamed us for these outdoor operations, but a much greater part has praised us. Our open-air work has helped to convince every church of the present day that the Salvation Army is absolutely consecrated in its every branch and effort for the salvation of men. It has persuaded the world that our one and all-absorbing purpose is the conversion of the soul. A prominent minister remarked to me a day or two back, "Your open-air work has persuaded me that the Salvation Army are the people for the masses." I replied, "Well, what do you mean 'for the masses'?" It is the masses who populate the country, not the King. And if the Salvation Army is the church for the masses, then it must be the church for the world."

### It is Profitable to Us as an Army.

The open-air has proved the most valuable training-ground for our soldiers. How many a weak, trembling mortal has been converted into a fearless soldier and an effective speaker as the result of open-air work. There is scarcely a fighting soldier or officer in our field to-day who would not bear testimony to the fact that it was on the outdoor battle-ground, surrounded by their old friends and companions, where they broke through the heart-throbs of timidity, and fired their first shot which led up to their becoming powerful and effectual pleaders of the cross. Round its ring thousands of our most nervous fassles have emerged into champion War Cry boomers. From its center that large constituency who share with us the financial burden have become skilful in appealing to the generosity of the crowds, and in endeavor to impress its varying audiences, have multitudes of our sweetest singers and most successful speakers been made.

The open-air demonstration is one of the greatest auxiliaries to the fighting line; the greatest and most effective advertising and attractive agency, and greatest and most convincing declaration of the one purpose which prompts all we do, Christ's love for the sinner, as well as being a potent factor in bringing the outcast and lost into our Father's Kingdom.

### It is Priceless in its Opportunity.

Sin shows itself in the streets and is, consequently, the easier to attack. There the drunkard staggers, there the outcast wanders, there the neglected children gather, there the degraded, the hard, the indifferent, the broken-hearted, the scoffers, the gamblers, the oppressor, the thief, and the harlot pass to and fro. I don't suppose there is an open air ever conducted in the cities or towns but that each class here mentioned is represented; it only by one, and if the meeting to them is but an object passed by, they have been met on their black march, and faced with the eternal truths of salvation and judgment, heaven and hell. If it has only been as a lightning flash, or a thunderclap, they have met it, heard it, seen it, if nothing more. It has impressed them with the fact that there is somebody about who believes in God and can find satisfaction in goodness. They have been reminded of the soul worth looking after and saving. They have caught the thread of a holy song which will, anyway, last till the bottom of the street. They have realized that there are a people who have the wicked on their heart, and faith in the truth of which they speak, the great ability of God to save, and the mercy of Christ to

(Continued on page 12)

# the FIGHTING LINE

## Beginning to Break.

Berlin.—The faithful few have been reinforced by two during the last two weeks. The enemy's ranks are beginning to break, and the victory shall be won through prayer, faith, hard work, and perseverance.—Lieuts. Alten and McColl.

## Well Done!

Brooklyn.—"Hello, Central, give me Brooklyn. Is that you, Lieut. Marshall? How are things in Brooklyn?" "Oh, just beautiful." "Now is your corps getting on?" "The corps is doing well." "Do you have good meetings?" "Yes, lively times; the soldiers are full of fire."

"I understand you had a tea and entertainment. Did you have a good time?"

"We had a fine time. My father was with us from Brackbridge, also Ensign Sherrill and Lieut. Sheppard of Bowmen, and D. O. Brent and Capt. Marshall, of Oshawa. We mean to go in for greater things."

"Well, I am glad you like Brooklyn, and to hear that you are doing well. Good-bye."

## When, Where, and What.

Burlington.—On Thursday night we had a When, Where, and What meeting. The comrades and friends told us what their first thoughts of the Salvation Army were, and what it had done for them. We all enjoyed the different testimonies very much, and God's presence was felt. One brother got the victory over the tobacco habit. The meetings are well attended. Praise the Lord! Two dear boys held up their hands for prayer. The soldiers are on fire for souls, and believing for an out-pouring of God's Spirit during the Siege.—Lieut. M. Langley.

## Returned After Six Years.

Campbellford—Good meetings all day Sunday. God came in power and blessed us. One Junior was saved, also a sister, who had been a backslider for six years, returned to the fold. May God bless them.—A Soldier.

## Golden Gates Ajar.

Campbellton.—One soul since last report. We had a special meeting, called "Golden Gates Ajar," on Thursday night, which proved very interesting. Although the town is snowed under, a faithful few are going on to fight the battle, and believe that the Siege is over we shall report many victories.—Hadd.

## He Brought Another Soul.

Clark's Beach.—The fight has been a little up-hill, but we can see victory. On Thursday night we visited the "top-junior." God came very near and blessed us, and two precious souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. One had been a backslider for about twelve months. After he got the blessing, he led another soul to the cross. Praise the Lord!—M. Shute, Lieut.

## The Lord's Camp-ground.

Devil's Lake—Dear Ned.—Good times comin' down here at the Lake. This week's gone well in the Lord's favor. We're still holdin' the old trall; an' the devil's bluffs er losin' their whizzer. Next week I'm thinkin' in hell-breck camp, as we have him on their run with his hot in, er sing. Nothing can satisfy us, 'cause the range belongs to her Lord, an' we must give it to him; an' I'm thinkin' afore long this here Devil's Lake'll be the Lord's camp-ground for sure. Ensign Stigeler was here wi' his pliege of Klondyke weather, last Friday, an' it went fine. Big crowds. "Fancy degrees, below zero ain't so bad after all; if they do have to import it from Canada." Brigadier

Southall is killed for Devil's Lake for next Saturday an Sunday.—Buckskin Brady.

## Enjoyable Drive and Meeting.

Temple.—Through the enterprising efforts of our worthy officers and his able assistants, the soldiers of the Temple corps were treated to a sleigh drive to East Toronto on a recent Friday evening. The drive was not only enjoyed by the many privileged ones, but the meeting held in the Y.M.C.A. Hall there was a real blessing to all. Adj't. McAmmond was in charge, and behind him the platform was decorated several officers, amongst whom were Mrs. McAmmond, Staff-Captains H. and F. Morris, Adj't. and Mrs. Attwell, Ensigns Taylor and Easton, and many others, as well as the Temple Band. Several musical selections, both brass and string, also solos, duets, trios, quartets, etc., were rendered during the evening. Mrs. McAmmond, Ensign Taylor (who was stationed in East Toronto eleven years ago), and several others spoke. The testimony meeting, led by Adj't. McAmmond, was a real lively affair. The meeting over, we partook of some refreshments, after which the return drive was commenced. All, about seventy-five or eighty soldiers and friends, helped to fill the three big vans. Before closing this report we must say something about the great kindness of Mr. Cook, the Y.M.C.A. Secretary, and his assistant, who did everything possible both to make the meeting a success and the evening an enjoyable one. We all unite in wishing them much success in their work.—G. W. P.

## New Opening—Eight Souls.

Emerson Circle—We have just opened Prattford with two weeks' revival meetings.

Eight souls, Christians blessed, some good cases of conversion, and one for holiness.

We are all encouraged in the Lord.

We shall know no defeat while we trust in God.—rank C. Hunt. C. Langley.

## Stand by the Flag.

Forest—We are still fighting the battles of the Lord, although under somewhat difficult circumstances. We have no hall to hold meetings in, but we have a few blood-and-fire soldiers who meet at the dear old flag. We are all endeavoring to erect a building of our own. Adj't. Coombs, our D.O., paid us a visit last week, and cheered our hearts.—W. E. Plant, Capt.

## Through Wind and Snow.

Galt—We have just closed another good week-end. The hand turned out in spite of wind and snow, and it was quite amusing to see them come to a halt on the street, with the exception of one, who was having a chase after his cap, which had blown off. However, we arrived safely back to the hall, and had good meetings, both afternoon and night. During the night meeting three souls came to the cross. Others are anxious, and have held up their hands for prayer.—Capt. and Mrs. F. Burton.

## Sound to Have Victory.

Glace Bay—Soldiers all on fire to see the work go on. Three souls for the week—Income, \$68. Adj't. McLean is on the move. He can go all round his District for the small sum of ten cents. We are bound to have victories, and get more soldiers converted. We are looking forward to this Siege being one of the best.—J. P. Emery.

## Packed to the Door.

Great Falls—Do you know Captain Wairup?—Well, she was stationed here for nine months, and three months ago left to take a well-earned

rest at her home. She came back last Saturday and stayed over Sunday. We had a fine time. She played her banjo till it almost talked. The hall was packed to the door. Bro. Johnstone, after being a good soldier for eleven months, foretold for New Whatcom, where he goes as Probationary-Captain. Capt. Wairup goes to B. C. Since last report four more have plunged in the cleansing stream. Glory to Jesus! We are believing for a great revival. The officers are full of life. Adj't. Atwell sang a French song the other evening, then translated it into English, and the people were delighted.—Jumping Jack.

## Six Prisoners Captured.

Hamilton II.—At the above corps we are proving that God can save to the uttermost all who will come unto Him. On Sunday, at knee-drill, we obtained the blessing of Him who is able to help those who are in sin and darkness. In the holiness meeting God came very near and touched our hearts. "Enoch walked with God," was the subject, and we believe it, was made a blessing to all. The free-and-easy was at a time of freedom and praise. Mothers Moore and Curry were there, and God gave the glory. At the night meeting we all felt it was good to be there. Capt. Bell sang a solo, and Capt. Boyce sang a few words of farewell. We trust that the Captain will be made a blessing to all in her new appointment—Ottawa. The writer added, "Come to Him while you may." During a well-fought prayer meeting three made their way to the front and found mercy, making six prisoners since last Thursday. Our plans are already laid for the Siege, and we are looking forward to a successful battle.—Froggie.

## Two Souls—Faith High.

Heart's Delight—We are having good times, and our fans run high for a revival. On Sunday God came very near, and two souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. Conviction was stamped on many other faces, and we are believing for them soon. Our soldiers are all alive and full of faith. They know how to abut. God bless them. Our War Crys are sold out weekly.—L. Hebbard, Capt.

## The Converts at Work.

Helena.—The converts are doing a splendid work for God and souls. It is good to see them sell the Crys and attend the knee-drills and open-air. They are most anxious to get their convalescents converted. Sunday was a glorious day, and while Ensign Shepard poured real Holy Ghost shot into the enemy's ranks sinners trembled, and conviction was sent home. Two souls surrendered, and are taking a bold stand for God and the flag. The revival fire is burning, and God is being very gracious to us.—Nightline.

## Memorial Service.

Huron St.—The memorial service of our departed comrade, Mrs. Hillard, conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, on Sunday night last, will not soon be forgotten. God's presence was with us, and two souls made up their mind to meet our sister in heaven, where there is no parting.—G. N. Haworth.

## One Volunteer.

Lowiston—God's power is being made manifest in our midst, and our prayers are being answered. On Wednesday night our hearts rejoiced over one precious soul volunteering for salvation.—S. M. Sumpter.

## Very Interesting.

Lighthouses—Our meeting Sunday morning was very interesting. Although we were not favored with a

large crowd of soldiers, as many of our dear comrades are, yet God came very near. Bro. Taylor, from No. II, assisted greatly, with a good, straightforward talk to the dear men who drank in every word. Then we were favored with that grand old song from one of the crowd, "Can a boy forget a mother's prayer?" after which God's Word was read, and a very earnest appeal made to the crowd to give their hearts to God. One man raised his hand for prayer.—Ensign W.M. Parsons.

## Ready for the Siege.

Kentville—Crowds are getting better, finances growing, interest increasing. Soldiers getting in trim for the Siege. One soul last night. We are encouraged to trust God and keep on fighting.—A. Jess, R.C.

## Many Tears.

Missiona—Last Monday night Major and Mrs. Hargrave were with us. We had a good crowd and a splendid meeting. Mrs. Hargrave's singing was fine, and their appeals to sinners brought tears to many eyes.—J. H. F. R.C.

## The Wept for Joy.

Moncton—Adj't. Byers is leading us on to victory. We have had some good conversions. Last week three backsliders came home. One of them had been Capt.-Major in this corps. As your humble servant told about his return, one of the soldiers burst out weeping, and said, "Oh, I am so glad!" This is the best news I have heard for a long time.—S.M. Mrs. Armstrong, from St. John V., has spent a month here, and has been a great help and blessing to both officers and soldiers.—Louis, the Norwegian.

## Two Souls—Debt Gone.

Montreal II.—God is helping us. On Sunday night two precious souls were born again. Our meetings are well attended. We have wiped out a debt of twenty-five dollars for coal. We are still believing for better things.—E. Magee, Capt.

## The Gospel Ship.

Musgrave Town—On Thursday night we held a Gospel Ship meeting. Although the weather was very unfavorable, the people came from far and near, and were not disappointed. At the close of the meeting many were heard to say it was the best special meeting we had had, and they would like to have it repeated. Capt. Baggs and Lieut. Morgan can be depended upon as true Salvationists.—One of the Crew.

## Six Souls—Interest Increasing.

Neepawa—Capt. Gamble welcomed. Good meetings on Sunday. Finances good. One soul. Interest increasing. Five souls at Wednesday night's meeting; wound up at eleven o'clock tired but happy. Hallelujah!—Capt. Livingston.

## Victory During the Siege.

Newport—Glad to say since coming here we have had the joy of seeing a few at the Mercy Seat. We are believing for victory during the Siege. Praise God!—Capt. Thompson.

## One of the Few.

North Head—We had a good time on Saturday night at our musical festival. A few appropriate recitations were given, and everybody was pleased. Many asked when there would be another. Yesterday (Sunday) was very stormy, and our comrades were small, but out of the meeting, one man knelt at the feet of Jesus. We are believing for more in the near future.—Capt. Richards, C.O.

## Hammering at the Stone.

Ogdensburg.—We have been hammering at the stone for quite a long time, but, thank God, it is beginning to break. On Thursday night we had the joy of seeing two precious souls at the cross. They are proving true. We are going in for greater things. "Lord, send a revival," is our cry.—S. Ash, Capt.

## Welcoming the Chancellor.

Osawawa.—We have been working hard in the interests of the Kingdom. Our War Crys are sold out every week. Staff-Capt. Cass was with us for a welcome meeting on Monday, Feb. 3rd. Although there was a great snowstorm, the Staff-Captains arrived, and we had a good time. One backslidden soul was born into the Kingdom on Sunday, C. H. B.

## Dedication and Salvation.

Pictou.—Since last report, God has been blessing us. The Red-Hot Revivalists have come and gone, and we feel sure they were made a great blessing to the town. At their farewell meeting the infant child of Ensign and Mrs. Pugh was dedicated to God and the Army, and thirteen souls knelt at the feet of Jesus. We are very sorry to say that our dear Ensign is still very weak in body, but we are praying and believing that God will restore him to health and strength again.—Ensign.

## Alive and Active.

Prince Albert.—God is with us, and we are having good times. Our faith runs high for a smash in the devil's ranks this winter. The devil is as active here as elsewhere, but thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Prince Albert corps is alive and active, and we are going in to win in the name of our King. The soldiers of this place are hungering for souls, and we believe God is going to satisfy our spiritual appetites. — Hallelujah Frenchman.

## A Comrade Farewells.

Liverside.—Since last report, one of our comrades, Sec. Oak, has farewelled for the field. We were sorry to part with her, as she has been a faithful soldier of our corps, and a great help in our Junior work. Her class will miss her very much. We pray that God will bless her in her new work.—Corps-Cadet McCarney.

## Fifty-Ones in Three Weeks.

Springhill.—God is blessing our work here. He past three weeks we have had the joy of seeing thirty-six souls at the Mercy Seat for salvation, and fifteen for the blessing of a clean heart. Our soldiers are all on fire for God and souls, and we are in for a good time during the Siege. We are going to make it hot for the devil. "God and souls," is our battlecry.—Ensign Cooper.

## Still Progressing.

St. George's, Ber.—We had a great time on Sunday, when Capt. White and Corps-Cadet Noy, of the Hamilton corps, came to assist. Their speaking and singing were enjoyed by the crowd that came to hear them. Our Junior work is still progressing, and quite a large number of children attend the meetings which are set apart for them. May God bless them, and help Capt. Prince, who is anxious concerning the welfare of this work.—A. E. Astill, Corps-Cadet.

## A Good Work.

St. John's.—Major Galt and Capt. Andrew did a good work here during the six days of their stay. All would have been glad if their visit had been longer, but other places need their help, and we hope and pray that God will enable them to accomplish much wherever they may be called. On Sunday the Major spoke at the Methodist Church and the Y.M.C.A., in addition to his work at the Army. Conviction rested on many. One young man and one young woman knelt and gave themselves to the Lord, a few others did the same for myself. This young man said to me, "The Spirit's calling is right, let me be a Saviour's slave." Mr. Galt still continues quite well, but we trust it is on the gain. —Pray for us.—W. G. R.

## OUR LOCAL OFFICERS.

## THE SAVED RANCHER.

By CAPT. HABKIRK.

"TOM" LITTLEFORD, now Sergt. Major of the Medicine Hat Corps, was captured from the enemy's ranks on January 1st, 1900. Previous to this time he was very enthusiastic for the devil, being bound by his chains and dictated by evil desires; he was unable to do those things that were right, and so he went on, caring little for God or his own soul, until convicted of his sins in the Salvation Army Barracks. Of course, he never thought of joining the S. A., in fact, on several occasions he made fun of it and their methods and uniform. But, like many others, he caught the "fever," and is now as energetic in it as the oldest and most notorious Salvationists. His greatest pleasure in the world was the billiard-room and saloon, but God has taken away all desire for such places and amusements, for which he rejoices greatly.

The Sergeant-Major is a Rancher, living six miles from Medicine Hat, and has been here for 13 years. During this time God has truly blessed and prospered him, and to-day, if you were to visit his ranch, you would find a considerable number of horses, cattle, pigs, etc., etc., which have been numerous in this country, and you would be compelled to say that they are all very creditable to any rancher.

He was driving home after attending the "watch-night" service two years ago, and the Spirit of God so took hold of him that he promised God, if he was spared to go to the barracks again, he would get saved. True to his promise, the next night he went to the penitent form, and there he cast the chains of sin upon him, and ever since he has been going on, and ever since he has been given this mighty blessing to his comrades, and also in his home. He was Secretary of the Corps for one year, and is now Sergeant-Major, and although living six miles from town, you can see him quite regularly at his post of duty.

## His Influence at Home.

The following shall prove that he has been faithful in his home.—About



Sergt-Major Littleford, Medicine Hat, N.W.T.

two months ago his little daughter gave her heart to God, following in her older sister's two weeks earlier. The latter again was followed by her mother in three weeks' time, and to-day the whole family are fighting as good soldiers in the Corps. They are a happy family, and why shouldn't they be? For it only proves that God will bless and honor them who honor Him, and the blessing of God maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. They are all happy in the fight, and determined to be faithful unto death.

The Sergeant-Major's eldest daughter is the Young Soldier correspondent, and has just recently become a Corps-Cadet. I am sending the Sergeant-Major's photograph, with his little boy, "Tommy," who is a young soldier, although only six years old, and also with his wife and two regulars. The Sergeant-Major's testimony is: "I'm satisfied with Jesus here. He is everything to me." It has been my privilege to visit the Sergeant-Major's home, and also to be his officer, and I can truthfully say that he is always willing to do his best for God and the Corps.—Heck."

## More Desperate Service.

St. John's.—God has been showing Himself strong on our behalf. We are having splendid crowds, and quite a number have sought Christ, some of whom are returning to give God the glory. On Tuesday night we had a musical meeting, led by Staff-Sergeant Howell, which was a great success. The large hall was crowded, and everyone seemed perfectly satisfied. On Monday night the hall was again packed to the doors, and one sister found salvation. Tuesday night we had one of the best meetings the writer has ever attended. One precious soul plunged into the fountain. We have pledged ourselves for more desperate service, and we mean to conquer.—A. B. B.

## After the Music.

St. Stephen.—We are having good times here. During the past week three have knelt at the Mercy Seat. On Thursday night we had a united musical meeting. The guitar and violin solos and duets were much enjoyed by all, and the young men marched to the Tabernacle. On Sunday afternoon Capt. Martin enrolled five recruits. The hall was filled and much interest was manifested.—S. B.

## Temple Victories.

Last week was a specially successful one at the Temple. Our converts are coming along well. The meetings held for them on Tuesday nights are real live affairs, and are attended by large numbers. Ensign McClelland is working very hard to assist those who have recently started on the good way. This morning, on Sunday, we had a service of well-organized singing, with a young Christian brother, one of two more in the holiest meeting, conducting at night. The first volunteer at night was a backslidden, who has been a wanderer for many years. He came

out while the opening song was being given, and a sister followed him. Sister Price, who was passing through from Winnipeg, on her way to a new appointment, assisted. Her remarks with reference to dear Mother Langtry's death were listened to very attentively. Mother was much loved by the Temple soldiers, and her influence was always for good. The band rendered very efficient service, and were ably assisted by several of the Headquarters boys. Adj't and Mrs. McAmmond are hard workers. The special Siege effort was received in a most enthusiastic manner, and we are now in to make it a successful campaign.—W. P. W.

## Still Advancing.

Stratford.—The work here is still advancing under the able leadership of Ensign Crawford and Capt. Sitter. We had a visit from Major McMillan and Staff-Capt. Rawling, who conducted an enrolment of soldiers, commissioning of Local Officers, and dedication of children. The Major read a few verses from Ephesians 1st chapter, dealing especially with the words, "Called to be an apostle."—J. Bates.

## Through Snowbanks.

Sudbury.—The Harmonic Revivalists have paid us a visit. The weather was very stormy, but the people came through snowbanks to hear the party. Each of all four souls came to Jesus. It was hard work to get home from the meeting on Sunday night. The wind blew all night, and all day on Monday, and the snow was deep. There was no getting through for two days. The people were very poor, so that Ensign Bissell could not give his lecture on the Klondyke. "The Revivalists were snowed in for two days, some of them in one place and some in another.—John Drake.

## THE HARVESTERS AT TRURO.

I was telling you last week that we had the misfortune on the train to leave Parrsboro. Well, there was a great crowd of soldiers and converts around the railroad blden to see us soon away. It was hard to leave them, but we must hurry on to Truro. The conductor said "All aboard," and off we go; but we the little seeds we were sent down to earth. There were still Friday, that we had better stop off at Springhill, to see the kind people there, and go to the Army meetin. Well, sir, when we come to the station, what a crowd was there! We were glad to see them all again! We were all keepen so well saved.

"What's that big crowd come up the street?" said a prominent man to a Salvationist. "Is it a hockey team?"

"No, sir, it's the Salvation Army," said he.

Well, we went to the Army meetin, and what a great meetin that was—forty-two on the march, big crowd inside, platform full of red-hot Salvationists, four souls in the fountain, and a wind-up with a hallelujah dance around the dear old Army flag. Ensign and Mrs. Cooper, with the comrades, are in for great victories at the hands of God.

We left by the eleven o'clock train for Truro and arrived all right. Capt. Smith met us on the platform. The Captain had our misfortune held up to the Army blden, and there we found Lieut. Strother, as busy as could be fryen beef stake for our dinner. We soon felt quite at home in the Army officers' which is very comfortable indeed.

We had a look around the harvest field. Truro is a nice-looking town, and a great many people live in it, but a dear old preacher said to us on the street: "There are so many have lost their love for Jesus."

We went to work on Friday night, in a holiness meetin; got a warm welcome by the officers and soldiers, had a good meetin, and one man gave himself fully up to God for the harvest. We had a good time on Saturday night. The soldiers rallied up well for open-air and march, and there was a nice crowd inside. We opened fire on Sunday morning at 7 a.m.: had a good knee-dress, good holiness meeting, and one man came to Jesus. We had a grand march and open-air in the afternoon. J. McKinney, of the Glasgow corps, group and all, a stranger from Halifax, stepped on to the ring and spoke well of the saven and keeper power of God. After singing and spoken by different members of the Troupe, we marched on to the Victoria Hall, where a grand crowd greeted us. The meetin was A. L. Mrs. McElheney spoke well from the Bible, and many hearts were touched. The meetin at night was splendid; twenty-five on the march, open-air nine, good crowd inside. \$7.60 income. Ensign McElheney handled his subject well. The Spirit of God took hold of many hearts, and one backslidden came home to Jesus.

We believe the revival, which we expect to break out, has already begun in many hearts, and the break will soon come. We will be here some eight days yet, and expect many victories. The harvesters are in good trim.—Farmer Tom.

## Twenty Souls in Two Weeks.

Willingate.—We give to Jesus glory for the good work that is being done here. During the past two weeks twenty souls have stepped into the light of God's salvation. Our house-to-house visiting is carried on when the weather permits, and the work on the quarters is going forward. Bros. Roberts and Young, the carpenters, are doing well.—A. B. R.S.M.F.

## Two Young Men.

Victoria.—Some souls have been saved, and we are having good times. One man came home to Jesus last Sunday night, and cried for pardon. Another young man sought the Savior last night. We were glad to have Adj't. McMillan with us for two nights, and Ensign Andrews gave us a magic lantern service, which we enjoyed very much. We are now looking forward to the Major's visit.—Capt. L. McCormick.

# THE SIEGE.

(Continued from page 9.)

forgive, and doubtless numbers say that, should the storms beat too wildly, they will run to that harbor to hide. This is saying the least—this is the smallest effect of the open-air meeting, referring to those to whom it is an object passed by.

Again, the opportunity of open-air work is exceptional in the fact that meetings there are frequently far more effective than those conducted in halls; while there are some circumstances against their immediate results, there are undoubtedly others very strongly in their favor. Many there hear the Gospel who would never hear it anywhere else. They are not so hardened in saving truth as that class of sinners which frequently attend a place of worship, and where such are generally the most desperate class of sinners, they are not always the most difficult to reach. This accounts for the fact that one greatest trophies of grace, as a people, have been won in the streets.

Again, those who are there are generally there alone—not always, but generally—and we all know what a much greater chance God has with the soul when it is in solitude, away from companions, relations, and friends, with none to nudge the elbow when a deep impression is made, or laugh when the tear starts.

Too, the gray shades of a wan evening, or the darkness of a winter night, are conducive to strengthen the convictions which rest upon the soul; and away from the light and conventionality of an inside meeting, the sinner will throw off any attempt to hide his true condition. When memories are stirred and mercy's story told, should the lips tremble and the tears fall, it is not so likely that the fear of detection will stifle the precious feelings which prompt them, which is so often the case in a lighted building. A sinner can think over his past without troubling as to how he looks while he does it. Oh, the priceless, incalculable worth of these open-air opportunities! Now, while they have been so signalized in the past, I want to ask the soldiers of this Territory, do we make one-half the use of them to-day that we ought? Do we seize the chance they represent with that earnestness, zeal, and enthusiasm their value demands? Do the soldiers leave it all to the officers, and the officers leave it all to the soldiers? The open-air is the battle in which officers and soldiers should link hand in hand, each taking an equal share in the fight, and, if anything, the soldiers should have the greater. It is their training-ground, their battlefield, their fight, their opportunity of helping to turn the tide of the current of evil, and lift the world to God. It is into this meeting the soldiers should put much thought and prayer, as to the most effective truth to declare, the most touching story to tell, the most convincing song to sing, the most pleading prayer to exhort, and the best way to win a sinner for Jesus, and make a warrior for the flag. If the true purpose of our open-air is to be realized, my soldiers, we must, at least, look upon them as being of equal value and importance as the inside meetings, and deserving of as much thought, judgment, earnestness and prayer.

A soldier, in order to discharge his full duty regarding an open-air meeting, should give careful attention to one or two points.

**FIRST, TO BE ON TIME.** His being late may make the meeting late in starting, and a quarter of an hour lost in the beginning can never be made up—it rushes and cramps things the whole way through. The excuse that some comrade-soldier is always late in no argument in favor of your falling into the same error. You will never bring a man up to your good ways by going down to his bad ones.

**TWO, REMEMBER THE PURPOSE OF THE MEETING**—that it is exactly the same as a Sunday night—the conversion of sinners. Not merely to draw attention and make a noise—noise can be very helpful, and very hurtful; not merely to exercise the muscles of the drummer, although the drum is invaluable in these gatherings; not merely to keep the regulation and spend an hour in outdoor service, but for the great purpose, with its far-reaching issues of eternal consequences for which Christ was crucified on an open hill, on a very dark day, for the salvation of the soul. Oh, if you have only spoken a word that will hang starlike in some sky, or sung a song which will float in some ear, or stirred a memory which will fan to a flame repentance, that meeting will be abundantly worth while.

**THREE, PREPARE SOMETHING TO SAY.** I think that officers would be able to rely upon a little more help from the rank and file in this direction, if soldiers would make some preparation for their personal share in these meetings. A little forethought would make speakers of many who have hitherto been too nervous to take any public part. It requires less courage to speak what is already in the mind than to rely upon the inspiration of the moment, when, to a timid nature, the very effort of coming to the front may paralyze the imagination, and prevent consecutive thought, while to those who are accustomed to speaking, how much more convincing will their remarks be if they are the outcome of previous thought! It is a mistake to go to a meeting without having the least idea of what you are going to do, say, or sing. It is taking from the hand of God a mighty opportunity and throwing it behind your back; it is standing in the gate of the enemy as a useless ornament, instead of an opposing force; it is abusing our best draw for a congregation in the barracks, and is liable to make us appear uninteresting, and to have little ability. Instead of attractive and able, in the interests of the needy, the bad, the hopeless, and the wrong, which gather around our waving flag, in small numbers and in large numbers. I would plead with every soldier who comes within reach of this blessed opportunity, to have some message ready, some text, some touching story, some point in the mind which can be brought out and used to advantage.

**FOUR, JOIN IN THE SINGING.** One of the grandest, most appealing, most tender, most persistent persuasive agencies in our open-air demonstrations has been our singing. It has attracted thousands and tens of thousands; it has lingered in saving influence with thousands and tens of thousands on to the shores of saving grace. There is scarcely one of us that cannot remember the song which helped our trembling feet to take that step to Jesus. We cannot bear it now but that it wakes up the old gratitude for the shedding of His blood to cover our transgressions. Are we doing as much to-day with our singing in the streets as we used to do in the days of long ago? Sometimes I am afraid not, and I have been wondering if it would not be a grand thing for all the soldiers in the Territory to make a new start in this direction, and let us see, during this Siege, how many sinners we can sing into the Kingdom.

You know there is a right and a wrong way of doing everything, great and small.

There is a right and a wrong way of eating your dinner—one brings satisfaction, the other indigestion.

There is a right and a wrong way of governing a nation—one brings commercial prosperity, the other revolution.

There is a right and a wrong way of scrubbing a floor—one is practicable, the other is wasteful.

There is a right and a wrong way of controlling an army—one brings order, and the other confusion.

Why should there not be a right and a wrong way of singing? and why, apart from study and care, should we not be likely to fall into the wrong way of doing it as in all other matters?

To help towards this right way of singing I would say: (a) Sing heartily. I do not mean by this, make a great deal of sound, but I mean that you should sing with all your heart. In other words, put your heart into what you sing. This will be sure to give a spirit and feeling to the song which will make it to arrest attention, as well as to make a helpful impression, when it has done so. Listlessness manifested in singing is damaging and, as well, cruel. It is disheartening to the leader of the meeting, and it is likely to make those who stand for a moment around the ring think you are too lazy to do that small part for their saving, energetically and well. (b) Try and sing suitably to the immediate song—that is, if it is of the nature of "Just as I Am," or "Rock of Ages," or "You never can tell when the death-bell's tolling," sing it with as much expression and pathos as is possible, being careful to keep a steady time. If you are singing "And when I reach those pearl gates" sing it with a buoyancy which gives all to feel there is nothing so glorious as being on your way to heaven. (c) Never forget all the way through to try and sing the words distinctly: songs, of which the words cannot be heard, do little, if any, good. (d) Follow the leader, no matter who that leader may be. This is the only way of keeping together, keeping any kind of time, and of singing with any effect. (e) Sing softly when asked. The effect of a heart-stirring song, sung softly by a group of soldiers, although it may be small, is magnetic, and is often more prevailing than a whole sermon preached. And lastly on this point I would say, sing always, join in, begin as soon as the verse or chorus is started. Do not wait, as is the case with so many, until the song is half through, but start at the commencement, and sing right away to the end. If you can be negligent in this respect in the barracks, I beseech you to give it your most hearty, most enthusiastic, assistance in the street, remembering that when singing you are charging upon the enemy's forces with a heavy artillery.

**FIVE, BE IN EARNEST.** You cannot be too careful to manifest that earnestness which declares your unwavering belief in the great truths you speak; your belief in the horrors of guilt, with all its terrible consequences; in the judgment, with all its great realities; in heaven, with all its glories; in hell, with all its terrors; in the love of Calvary's Lamb, with its limitless mercy to forgive, and ability to save. A general attitude of earnestness in those who take part in the meeting will bring a much weightier influence to bear upon the crowd than any other impression can do.

Guard against any useless chattering around the ring—idle conversations one with another. The devil too often steals in through this loophole, and carries the whole thing his way, destroying any atom of feeling that might have gone for good.

**SIX, SEEK TO BE MILITARY IN YOUR APPEARANCE.** We are a military organization, and the three great rules governing military attire are cleanliness, tidiness, and uniformity. I know, for various reasons, soldiers cannot always attend the week-night open-air in full uniform. In many cases they come straight from their work, and have not the time to make the change. But I do think we should always seek to be both clean and tidy: to have the jacket brushed, the shoe-laces tied, the buttons sown on, for do they hang upon one thread, we may be looked upon as a one-thread Christian.

Lastly, I would say, let all we do in the streets—our songs, our prayers, our words, our march—unite in the one desperate effort for the salvation of the sinner. Let salvation on the spot be the end of every outdoor meeting. The drumbeat, or a borrowed chair, under the open stretch of a witnessing sky, makes an excellent place, with fitting surroundings, for the registering of the names of the participants in the Lamb's Book of Life.



## How I Became an Officer.

We stood talking together for a few minutes after the meeting was over. The Captain and I, and then I watched him as he went from one lamp to another, putting the lights out with his cap. As he was about to put out the last light he stopped, and looking at me, said, "I think the Lord is just preparing you for an officer." I had knocked about the world, as the saying is, for a number of years, going about from one place to another, making it my home wherever I hung my cap. When I came to the town of

Leamington.—We are sorry to report the death of Brother and Sister Dawson's son. He has been a great sufferer for three months, but we have not a doubt he is now in heaven, where there is no more pain, with the Saviour he so much loved. The picture of Christ hung at the foot of his bed, and he said if he recovered he would not take anything for it, for he loved to look at it. He knew it was his Master.

At the memorial service one brother came to Jesus. Brother and Sister Dawson spoke of the bright testimony he left, and by God's grace they are going to meet him in heaven. The bereaved ones have our sympathy.—Mrs. Capt. Coy.

### FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

Hants Harbor.—On Tuesday, Jan. 28th, death entered the home of our comrade, Mrs. Smith, and took a beloved son from their embrace. Just as the old year was dying out, so health and vigor left our brother, and he realized that he, too, would soon have to meet his God. He cried unto God, and was forgiven of his past. For over three weeks he suffered. As the end was drawing near, he asked his beloved wife, "If he would pray and give himself to God, feeling that he couldn't die until he would." The broken-hearted father prayed, and rose, determined by God's grace to live a better life. A few more struggles, and the spirit went to join the blood-washed throng.—L. B.

### PROMOTED TO GLORY.

Dartmouth.—I did not think when I visited Father Bowden last Friday afternoon that it would be the last time I would have the privilege of speaking to him. I found him very weak, but he was proving as he neared the river that Jesus was near to guide him over. His last words to me were: "Good-bye; if we do not meet down here again, we shall meet with the angels." Just after supper I was requested to visit father again, as he had had a stroke, and was thought to be dying. I found him unconscious, and he remained so until 4.15 the next morning, when God called him to his reward.

I was now four months a soldier, and was counting the months to go by when I would be ready to come into training. The new officers came, and I thought they would not say anything to me about being an officer, but I shook my head and said, "You must be mistaken, Captain." He said good-night, and I went home thinking over what had been said. I turned the matter over in my mind, and after finding plenty of excuses for not being an officer, I came to the conclusion that the Captain had made a mistake. I then thought no more about it until the Captain farewelled, and shaking me by the hand said a few words of encouragement to me, and something about coming into the Garrison for training.

The new officers came, and I thought they would not say anything to me about field work, so I pitched in harder than ever, making up my mind I could do more as a soldier. The new Captain asked me if I had sent in my application for the work, and I wondered what it all meant, and was this God's way of calling me into the work. I felt worked up about it, and asked him about it, and asked God to show me or give me some other way of knowing. He will not feel any inability and weakness in such a step, but still there was a burning desire in me to fight for God and souls, so I partly made up my mind that if the way would open, I would go.

I was now four months a soldier, and was counting the months to go by when I would be ready to come into training.

My right eye troubled me one afternoon, and in three days time I was totally blind. I went to the hospital, and the doctors told me I was likely to be blind altogether and would probably get it in my other eye.

The devil was giving a good chance, but I very hard and made me believe if God had wanted me He never would have allowed me to be blind. I gave up hopes of coming into the work. Four months went by after this, and one day, being able to see a little out of one eye, I found my way over to the barracks. The new officers had been with us about a week. The Captain said, "I suppose you would be in the field if your eyes would allow you." I avoided very much conversation on this line. I wanted the way to open up for me, and felt it would be a long time; but the way opened up sooner than I expected. I have written these few words to show to others that when God may call you, or if He has called you, the devil may work against you to every way to break up your coming; but don't give up, God will open the door for you if you trust yourself in His care and still believe.

Don't look for any great sign to come to pass before you are positive. God may never give you any other than His Spirit, and that is sufficient to convince anyone. If the barriers

### Victory During the Siege.

Windsor, N.S.—We are pleased to report victory. God is for us, and is more than all that can be against us. We are having good meetings, and while there are many other attractions at present, we have good crowds. We are having good holiness and soldiers' meetings. We are in for victory during the Siege.—Cadet.

## OVER JORDAN.

### CALLED HOME.

Leamington.—We are sorry to report the death of Brother and Sister Dawson's son. He has been a great sufferer for three months, but we have not a doubt he is now in heaven, where there is no more pain, with the Saviour he so much loved. The picture of Christ hung at the foot of his bed, and he said if he recovered he would not take anything for it, for he loved to look at it. He knew it was his Master.

At the memorial service one brother came to Jesus. Brother and Sister Dawson spoke of the bright testimony he left, and by God's grace they are going to meet him in heaven. The bereaved ones have our sympathy.—Mrs. Capt. Coy.

I had been on the way about a month, when the Captain spoke to me about being an officer, but I shook my head and said, "You must be mistaken, Captain." He said good-night, and I went home thinking over what had been said. I turned the matter over in my mind, and after finding plenty of excuses for not being an officer, I came to the conclusion that the Captain had made a mistake. I then thought no more about it until the Captain farewelled, and shaking me by the hand said a few words of encouragement to me, and something about coming into the Garrison for training.

The new officers came, and I thought they would not say anything to me about field work, so I pitched in harder than ever, making up my mind I could do more as a soldier. The new Captain asked me if I had sent in my application for the work, and I wondered what it all meant, and was this God's way of calling me into the work. I felt worked up about it, and asked him about it, and asked God to show me or give me some other way of knowing. He will not feel any inability and weakness in such a step, but still there was a burning desire in me to fight for God and souls, so I partly made up my mind that if the way would open, I would go.

I was now four months a soldier, and was counting the months to go by when I would be ready to come into training.

My right eye troubled me one afternoon, and in three days time I was totally blind. I went to the hospital, and the doctors told me I was likely to be blind altogether and would probably get it in my other eye.

The devil was giving a good chance, but I very hard and made me believe if God had wanted me He never would have allowed me to be blind. I gave up hopes of coming into the work. Four months went by after this, and one day, being able to see a little out of one eye, I found my way over to the barracks. The new officers had been with us about a week. The Captain said, "I suppose you would be in the field if your eyes would allow you." I avoided very much conversation on this line. I wanted the way to open up for me, and felt it would be a long time; but the way opened up sooner than I expected. I have written these few words to show to others that when God may call you, or if He has called you, the devil may work against you to every way to break up your coming; but don't give up, God will open the door for you if you trust yourself in His care and still believe.

Don't look for any great sign to come to pass before you are positive. God may never give you any other than His Spirit, and that is sufficient to convince anyone. If the barriers

## Doings in the E. O. P. Coming Events.

### The Red-Hot Revivalists,

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AND STAFF-CAPT. MANTON

Brantford, Sat., March 1, to Mon., March 10.

### Spiritual Specials.

#### MAJOR GALT

Will visit Pt. St. Charles, Sat., March 1, to March 10; Cornwall, Tues., March 11, to March 16; Morrisburg, Mon., and Tues., March 17 and 18.

STAFF-CAPTS. BURDITT AND MANTON AND CAPT. URQUHART

Will visit Hamilton I., Tues., March 6, to Mon., March 17.

Staff-Captain Burditt and Captain Urquhart

Will visit Hespeler, Thurs., Feb. 20, to Tues., March 4.

### Central Ontario Province.

#### HAND-BELL RINGERS.

Hamilton I., March 1, 2, 3; Lippincott, March 8, 9, 10; Yorkville, March 11; Dovercourt, March 12; Huron St., March 13; Bowmanville, March 15, 16, 17; Oshawa, March 18, 19; Whitby, March 20; Port Perry, March 21; Lindsay, March 22, 23, 24; Kincardine, March 25; Norland, March 26; Cobourg, March 27; Kincardine, March 28; Fenelon Falls, March 29, 30, 31.

### West Ontario Province.

#### THE WEST ONTARIO SOUL-SAVING TROUPE

Waterloo, Feb. 21 to March 8; Petrolia, March 4 to March 13; Sarnia, March 14 to March 24; Strathroy, March 25 to April 3.

### East Ontario Province.

#### MAJOR TURNER

Brockville, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Feb. 28, March 1, 2; Point St. Charles, Mon., and Tues., March 3, 4; Montreal, I., Thurs., and Fri., March 6, 7.

#### HARMONIC REVIVALISTS

Will visit Brockville, Friday, Feb. 21, to Mon., March 2; Kemptonville, Wed., March 3, to Mon., March 10; Prescott, Tues., March 11, to March 17.

### AS YOU LIKE IT.

College Student: "Say, Professor, can't I get through with a shorter course than the usual one?"

Professor: "Certainly, it all depends on what you want to make of yourself. When God wanted to make an oak tree it took Him one hundred years, but He can make a squash in six months."

### ONE OF OUR BOOMERS.

## Doings in the E. O. P. Coming Events.

Major and Mrs. Turner at the French Corps—The New Chancellor has a Splendid Day at No. 1.

Since Major Turner's advent to the city of Montreal he has taken a lively interest in the French branch of the work, and quite frequently has conducted the week-end meetings at the French corps. A very profitable time was experienced last Sunday. Major Turner delivered a stirring Gospel address and also sang a solo in French. By the way, the P. O. is making rapid strides as an authority on the language, rendering he could sing as good as a Frenchman.

Mrs. Turner and Capt. Raymonds added to the interest of the meeting by their efficient solo-singing and heart-to-heart talks. Ensign Cabrit, ably assisted by Cadet Esenouf, had the corps well in hand, and much good is being accomplished.

The new Chancellor was welcomed by the comrades of No. 1, this being one of his old battlefields, he being stationed here ten years ago. The no-nonsense meeting was a splendid treat. The Adjutant talked on the privileges of the people of God, and the great height which the saints could reach, and the great good which could be done if people would only step in and claim what God had for them. Stirring testimonies were given by the comrades on the advantages of being wholly sanctified.

The afternoon meeting was a regular free-and-easy, led by the Chancellor. Capt. Owen read the Bible lesson, speaking about the importance of the blood, and the prominent part it played in the world's salvation.

The night meeting was one of the old-fashioned kind. In the testimony meeting, led by Capt. Owen, the comrades gave some heart-stirring testimonies. Ensign Habirk soloed very effectively. "We have no man like him." The Adjutant's address on the importance of using our gifts in the service of God impressed many, and the mighty truths uttered will live in the memories of the large audience present.

### The Living Shadow Meeting.

A novel service was held in the No. 1 barracks. "The making and molding of a criminal." "The story of David." "We are not vessels of His." was illustrated by living shadows brought to bear upon a canvas. Many practical lessons were derived from the meeting, and much credit is due to Ensign Habirk, who engineered the same.

### Clippings.

Another council will be held in the near future for the city officers at the Royal Hotel, and also a special united soldiers' meeting at the No. 1 barracks.

Major Galt will shortly conduct special revival meetings at No. II.

Ensign Parsons reports an interesting time at the "Old Canteen," and in run or dash, hope, and courage.

And thus the battle rages. We are pleased to note that the Province is in a flourishing condition, and souls are being saved and soldiers are being enrolled.

We are in urgent need of men and women who will rush to the front in the interests of a dying world. Base-loving, soft-spoken professors need not apply.

Major Turner is anxious to communicate with earnest young men and women who feel they should be officers. Apply to Provincial Headquarters, 128 St. Peter Street, Montreal—Villa Tout.

### LOANS.

**Friends and Soldiers** are ready to furnish you a loan to meet your emergency. To both save to the Salvation Army funds. Besides, a rate of 5% is charged on all loans, and the interest is deducted in advance. The amount of the loan is determined by your financial needs, and the amount of your available resources. The amount of the loan is determined by your financial needs, and the amount of your available resources.

For further information, apply to

Halifax, Mrs. Jno. K. G. Hough, Financial Secretary.

See St. Lizzie Welch, Burlington, Vt.



## Competition Notes

The Eastern Province Heads the Poll  
—Nigger Takes Second Place—  
Cheer up, Ma—A Dead Heat  
and Prospects of a Future  
Struggling for the  
Mastery.

The Eastern holds its own easily, and deserves well at our hands.

And surely Nigger intends to keep ahead of Arab. Don't make any mistake, Major McMillan, you've got to get up early now in order to lead the procession.

The special mention list is Lieuts. Currell and Thistle (350), Lieut. March and Capt. Hawbold (225), and Capt. Hockin (20b). Well done, all!

Now for the struggle of a lifetime! And between two of the gentler sex, too! Lieut. Currell, of Hamilton, and Lieut. Thistle, of Halifax, have feasted the 350 mark this week. We dare not look into the future. We must just possess our souls in patience and wait.

Would it be out of place to ask Major Turner to stir up Mag to greater efforts? The noble beast can do herself more credit than a 69 gait, though that isn't half bad.

Brigadier Southall's list has arrived all right. No delay this week. Isn't that nice?

I hope that remark about Corps-Cadets, in last week's notes, will have some good results. Time will tell.

### Eastern Province.

102 Hustlers.

Lieut. Thistle, Halifax .....	350
Lieut. March, St. John I.....	225
Capt. Hawbold, Yarmouth .....	225

## Honor Roll competition Notes



